



JOHN BULL

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ONE PENNY.

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For meaning of this number
see page 533.

No 068478



*The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull*

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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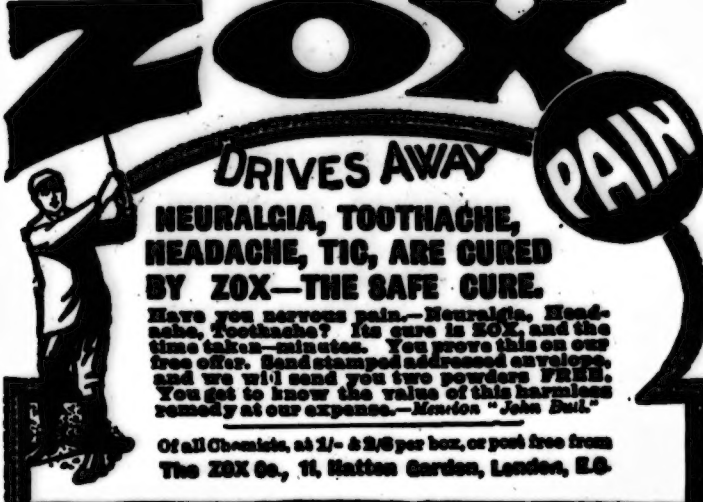
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Vol. IV. No. 105.

Saturday, June 6th, 1908.

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Three cheers for the King. It is a cause for general congratulation that, ignoring all question of personal inconvenience, and even danger, His Majesty should have decided to pay a visit to the Czar at this momentous period. With his ripe experience of the working of democratic institutions, and his wise counsel, there can be no doubt that a friendly exchange of views just now between the two monarchs should have the most salutary results, and prove of lasting benefit to the Russian people. In the meantime, the criticism which the visit has evoked should be a matter of personal satisfaction to His Majesty. It is a tribute to his influence and his work in international politics. His movements abroad are made under the watchful eye of every Chancellery in Europe. If he had been less tactfully active in the diplomatic service of his people, if his reputation were merely that of a royal European gadabout for his own pleasure, he might go whither he listed without comment in Parliament or out of it. But he has made himself of world-wide importance in the politics of all the nations, and it has become almost a settled habit with us in England to believe that if he meets this high personage, or that, his aim and purpose are political rather than personal. We are apt to forget that he is a private gentleman as well as a great monarch, and that he has the same natural affection for his relatives as the rest of us. Family ties connect His Majesty with the weak but well-meaning little autocrat of all the Russias; but they give him the right to whisper in his ear things which can't very well be written down in diplomatic despatches. God save the King.

Bravo, Lloyd George! A National Hospitality Fund will do more for the peace of the world than all the Territorial Armies. It is always that the Licensing Bill doesn't pass. You can't work up Ententes on ginger-pop.

By the way, speaking of Mr. Lloyd George, are we right in thinking that some few years ago he put down his name for entrance to the Bar—evidently at that time intending to change his profession from that of solicitor to barrister? What a lucky thing he changed his mind!

President Fallières was fortunate in the weather, which brought a little sunshine into those British skies which he saw for the first time. His predecessor was less lucky, and not a few of the Paris municipal councillors know something at first hand of the dismal damp of the Metropolis. Happy, therefore, the French President a British sun shines on. He has seen London in its vernal dress, he has heard the London throat utter its vivats; and he has returned to France firmly convinced that, apart from what may be called the official attitude, the Entente has a real and solid basis in the hearts of the English people. It is an illustration of what can be accomplished in the direction of international good feeling by the free play of national sentiment among two peoples anxious to secure, and studious to maintain friendly relations between themselves, let who will quarrel. The Russian alliance has a place in the mind, rather than in the heart of France. Russia is remote; Britain is near, ready to do the part of neighbour and friend whenever the need or the occasion arises. And we are persuaded that the more the Englishman knows of the Frenchman, and the more the Frenchman knows of the Englishman, the closer and the more lasting will be the ties which unite them. "Vive l'Entente!"

But this cordial understanding, this firm, and, we hope, settled friendship is a very different thing from that military alliance which the *Temps* would like to see established, and the practical impossibility of which is demonstrated by the *sine quâ non* that England should adopt conscription. Compulsory military service is not for Great Britain—at least not in our time. The Entente as it stands makes not only for peace, but for friendship, without any of the complications, embarrassments, and entanglements which formal alliances so often precipitate. Let the *Temps* rest content with the great good already accomplished by the informal, elastic and cordial union of hearts now existing between its country and our own. "Vive l'Entente!"

Our eccentric contributor, Mr. Jim Crow, however, doesn't believe in the validity of the Entente at all, and he directs our attention to unsympathetic references in the French press with regard to our difficulties in India. Their old animosities reappear, he says, in the form of onslaughts upon "British tyranny and oppression." But he rejoices that we have found an unexpected ally in the person of the *Dalmatica*, an Italian newspaper published at Zara, where the maraschino comes from. Our contemporary points out

how impossible it would be for one British soldier to oppress over 4,000 natives, that being the proportion in India. The troops of the Native States are also too numerous and well-equipped to be unwilling victims of our small garrison. He goes on to suggest that French professions of affection are worth about as much as those of light ladies in the French capital. All of which is part of the other side of a big question.

It is sad to hear that the strained relations which exist between Lord Charles Beresford and Sir Percy Scott were so openly paraded and so publicly discussed before our foreign guests at Dover. The climax appears to have been reached when the French Consul, at his official dinner party, was requested to alter the places of his guests at table in order that the officers in question might not sit next each other. We should have hoped that on such an occasion personal differences and jealousies would have been sunk, and that the credit of the British Navy would have been of paramount consideration, more especially to the officer holding the premier command afloat, who, we are informed, was entirely responsible for this appalling *bêtise*.

Not without reason, the "convener" of tramways in Glasca, whatever a convener may be, has been called over the coals in the Town Council of that enterprising city. "Is the convener of tramways aware," asked Bailie Wallace, "that gentlemen who are charged with spitting on tramcars and who call at the tram office, are informed that if they pay from 5s. to 10s., which will go to the Tramwaymen's Friendly Society, they will not require to appear in court?" In London a gentleman is generally defined as a bloke wot don't eat his ham wiv a knife; in Glasca he appears to be a Scotsman who emits his saliva on the floor of a tramcar. The gentlemen of Glasca will probably have a crow to pluck with Bailie Wallace on this point. Meanwhile, he says the practice of taking money from persons charged with spitting in the public cars, and applying it for the benefit of the Tramwaymen's Friendly Society "has been in force for some time." The convener, however, says he is not aware of the same, so that apparently an objectionable form of blackmail has been levied by some of his subordinates. Mr. Gibson said it was remarkable that money should be taken of which "neither the convener nor the manager should know." We agree that this is so. Undoubtedly, spitting in tramcars is a disgusting and unhygienic offence, and Glasgow gentlemen and others caught in the act should be severely dealt with by the magistrates. Similar bye-laws should be in force in every town in the country. For ourselves, we would enact that whenever a "gentleman" mistakes a public conveyance for a spittoon, he should have his attention directed to the error in the same way as that we sometimes adopt with our cats and dogs. After all, they don't call themselves "gentlemen."

Wonderful to relate, there is a Wee Free meenister in Edinburgh who has grown weary of elongated prayer. This is the Rev. Dr. Alexander Whyte, of St. George's United Free Church. His lamentations were uttered the other day at Arbroath. "I believe," he said, "we pray too long. I was worshipping in two churches in Edinburgh yesterday, and the forenoon minister spoiled me by his prayer being too long. If he had contented himself with half of his prayer and then said, 'Oh, God, for Christ's sake, Amen,' he would have carried me through with him, but I, even I, an old hand at prayer, got wearied." That forenoon minister recalls the story of another who was in the habit of taking tea with a lady of his congregation, and having one day to wait longer for his cup than usual, "Mistress Maclachan," he said, "will the tea be lang noo?" "Not sae lang as ane o' your prayers, minister," responded the lady,

"an' it wull be a guid deal mair refreshing when ye get it." It is understood that many of the pulpit supplications in Scottish churches not only take special note of the members of the congregation, but of all their relations, and then switch on to the rest of the universe in sections; so that by the time the meenister lands in port he has encompassed the globe. Apparently, Dr. Whyte thinks that prayer is not made more effective by excess of words, and it may be that he is right. We even overdo it in the House of Commons.

The Exhibition at Shepherd's Bush has added another inanity to the vociferations of the music-hall stage. Much of the exhibition is still to begin, and complete, but one of the things already finished is an alleged entertainment called the Flip-flap—two huge crane-like arms which hoist the populace into the air and let them down again. According to the new song, "It's an exhibition rare, That is drawing thousands there, Every nation joining in the grand display, So to see it you contrive, But directly you arrive, The girlie hanging on your arm will say":—

Take me on the flip-flap, do, dear, do,
It looks so lovely down below,
So you pay your money and up you go,
And though a queer sensation,
You wish it would never stop,
But down you slide on the other side,
With a flip-flap, flop, flop.

It is a beautiful lyric, a little flipflapflop about the legs and rather uncertain in the feet, perhaps, but is otherwise worthy of its theme; and if the music is equal to the poetry it may eventually be heard on the barrel organ and the pianoforte. In the meantime, if you don't want "the girlie hanging on your arm" to whisper these divine words into your ear—well, don't hang her.

The latest news from Servia is that Peter and his precious son are now at terrible loggerheads. One set of regicides backs up the sanguinary father, another the silly son. No sooner does a foreign journalist come anywhere near Belgrade than he is besieged by emissaries from Peter, with all sorts of anecdotes about the madness of George, how many cats he has stamped to death, how many soldiers he has blinded during pistol-practice at their cigarette ash. Then come the confidants of George the Cat-ripper with terrible tales of Peter's drunken habits, how many times he has fallen downstairs or off his horse, how many snakes he has seen. Finally, the young regicides' party, righteously indignant at having failed to secure even a lion-cub's share of their spoils as burglarious murderers, are full of accusations against every other kind of regicide.

It is interesting to watch the development of a country in which the chief, if not the only claim to advancement lies in prowess as a murderer or a mutilator. Having climbed to power over the corpses of a King and Queen, the new rulers of Servia proceeded to incorporate murder in their code. Instead of *lèse-majesté* they invented the crime of *lèse-assassin*, and, appropriately enough, guilty persons were not brought to trial after the manner of civilised states, but quietly shot in gaol or garotted behind a hedge. Now the foreign policy of Murderland is being developed. Desiring to annex Montenegro, the Servian Government did not declare war and despatch an army corps through the Sandjak of Novi-Bazar. They ordered the most perfect bombs imaginable from their arsenal at Kragujevats, works of art which would have reduced the wildest anarchist to tears of envy, and sent them over to Cetinje by desperadoes disguised as peasants and traders. If they had succeeded in their dynamite diplomacy and turned a cut-throat kingdom into an explosive empire, it might have been entertaining

to watch their attempt to subjugate Europe on similar lines. What a pity that Voltaire is not yet alive to do justice to the idea!

Lost, a Queen! It is a pretty story they are telling of Queen Alexandra's visit to the Temple Flower Show. She entered the gardens, not at the main entrance, where the usual reception committee was awaiting her, but at a side gate. The lengthy moments ticked out on the clock; still no Queen. Wonderingly, momentarily expectant, the committee waited, but waited in vain. Where was the Queen? Some of the committee scouted; others remained at the post of duty and honour. Back and forth, round and round the scouts went. A Queen was lost. Where, oh, where was she? The search was continued from tent to tent. Presently some of the scouts were joined by an equerry, who eventually found Her Majesty absorbed in admiration of some exhibits in a secluded corner, and the bewildered committee were led to her. Thus all was well that ended well. The committee were overjoyed. But Her Majesty? Perhaps, in her heart of hearts, she wished they had found her not.

According to the poet, sleep is tired Nature's sweet restorer, but the poets and the magistrates do not always agree. For instance, a few days ago one Jones, who called himself a labourer, having selected a quiet corner of some brickworks at Merthyr for his blissful slumber, was awakened at 1.15 in the morning by the policeman on the beat, and taken out of the rain into the genial shelter of the police-cells. In the morning Jones had to explain his purport on this earth to one Mr. John Plews, chairman of magistrates. Jones does not appear to have had much purport at the time of asking, having neither gold nor silver nor precious stones. He had worked, according to his own account, "bout a month ago," and had since been acting as inspector of milestones, unpaid. Here came a helpful Christian word from the probation officer, a reverend gentleman named Barker. He regarded Jones in his various aspects, said he did not look a loafer, and undertook to find work for him. But the magisterial Plews, sitting in the seat of the scorn, and addressing Jones in a severe tone of voice, said it was a serious thing to sleep out, and Jones must go to gaol for fourteen days. Why it should be a more heinous thing to sleep out than to sleep in, especially if you have not any money, Plews did not explain, and on the whole we are inclined to think that the fourteen days would have done more good to Plews than to Jones. The experience would perhaps improve his notions of justice.

After the baby the cat. Recently Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane was moved to judicial and judicious wrath by the lamentations of a baby in the arms of a witness under cross-examination. The other day the eloquence of counsel in another court was accompanied by the distressful music of a cat. A hurdy-gurdy, or bagpipes, or phonograph, or a banjo, or a German band would have been comparatively soothing, but that cat filled every heart with woe. And it came to pass that the usher went forth and drove the music into the far distance. But lo, the cat came back, proceeded with its performances, and continued until it had exhausted its repertoire of heart-rending ballads. Then it departed to catch mice, and peace was in the purlieus of the law. The cats of the London Law Courts are as much an institution as the Judges, and are usually on the civil list. But there will always be cats where there are rats.

A correspondent forwards us a letter he has received from a friend in Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, and its references to General Booth's emigration methods are not

at all complimentary. But apparently Canada is not an Eldorado for anybody just now. True, the Canadian is seldom either Codlin or Short to the Englishman who leaves his own country in the hope of a more prosperous life in the Dominion. The reason probably is that while there is any work going the Canadian regards himself as quite competent enough and quite numerous enough to do it. Wherever a British artisan shoves his nose in, he shoves that of some Canadian out, for the notion that the Dominion is a place where there is work for all is apparently erroneous. According to the correspondent, nine out of every ten firms run their business on borrowed money, and Canadians are feeling the pinch of the shoe everywhere. The correspondent is himself working short time, and he can "just manage to make ends meet by being very careful." As to those who have left the old country, he says he has helped many of them himself (for which our thanks, and may his reward be a hundredfold). "The most of them say," he states, "I spent the last cent I had to come here. Now I'm down and out. Oh, if only I could get enough money to take me back home!" This from a man long settled in Canada is not only a picture, but also a warning; wherefore let the Englishman ponder ere he allows the Salvation Army or any other emigration agency to dump him into the Dominion.

Many bullet-proof coats have been invented, their only defect being that the bullets somehow got through. A Dutchman has offered the Minister of War at The Hague a coat which he claims to be impenetrable by bullets, and according to the telegrams the preliminary trials have been successful. At the subsequent trials we suggest that the gentleman by the Zuyder Zee should be placed inside the coat, and if after twenty volleys there are no holes in it, and the inventor is also unperforated, the Minister of War should buy a few for presentation to the delegates at the next Peace Conference. Any invention which tends to prevent war from hurting anybody is to be welcomed.

We wonder what the Society for the Destruction of Vermin will say to the view which Mr. Henry Hodgson, of Boston, in Lincolnshire, takes of rats. The Society say that rats are vermin; Mr. Hodgson says they are good for pie. His loving wife told the story to the local magistrates the other day. She said her husband, a rat catcher by profession, brought home rats on which to feed himself, the family, the dog, and the cat. He skinned the rats and either had them in pie or turned them into a rekerky roast, making her stuff them with sage and onions. Having an appetite subject to restraint, she declined to eat them done in that way, though she had sometimes partaken of the pie. This seems to us quite a novel example of domestic infelicity, and how to be happy though married is a problem Mrs. Hodgson has been wholly unable to solve. She is therefore on the free list by Separation Order, and her husband will be no longer authorised to abide with her; neither will she partake of rats any more.

In discussing the Territorial Force in the House of Lords the other day, Lord Tweedmouth said the whole scheme was a gamble. Seeing that the successful defence of the country against an enemy may in conceivable circumstances depend upon the efficiency of the Territorial Force, this is a strange and disturbing admission for a Minister of the Crown to make. There is another point to which, so far as we know, reference has not been made either in Parliament or the Press. It is this: Whilst new men are enlisted for a term of four years, the old Volunteers have been allowed to

enlist for twelve months only, so that next March, April, and May they will be free men. They may or may not choose to re-enlist, but the fact remains that they are bound to serve only for a few months, and under these circumstances it is important to know the proportion of the old Volunteers to the total number of enlistments. We have heard it put as high as 70 per cent. Will Mr. Haldane give us the actual figure?

Here is another illustration of the official mind: Some Dutch betting men living at Goerz are in the habit of extracting large sums from our gullible countrymen by means of betting coupons. They distribute these coupons over the country every week. A fortnight ago they sent out 28,000 of them. The envelopes in which they are sent are bought and addressed in Holland, and the coupons printed there, but if they were posted in Holland they would cost 2½d. each, so they send them over here. At first they put the coupon in the envelope in Holland, and packed the envelopes in boxes all ready for stamping and posting, in England. These boxes came from Flushing to Queenboro', where they were opened by Custom House officers. They were stopped by these officials on the ground that the senders were trying to defraud the Revenue. The Dutchmen then packed the envelopes and the coupons separately and sent them over together in boxes as before. These the Queenboro' wisecracks passed without protest. Thus is our great Civil Service worked.

A fortune awaits the promoters of a company to introduce into this country the so-called grass tree of Australia, which is so plentiful at the Antipodes as to have become a nuisance. There will then be no need for Licensing Bills or a time limit, as publicans and brewers will disappear lock, stock, and barrel, for it has been discovered that the tree is full of alcohol. The fibres of the core yield from half to one and a quarter gallons of proof spirit a bushel, and it is believed that this was the "brew" upon which the convicts in days gone by used to make merry. The Minister of Agriculture says the discovery will be valuable "commercially." Doubtless it has occurred to him that the problem of finding a more suitable fuel for motors might here find a solution. At any rate, now is the appointed time. A new tree of "life" is sorely needed.

There is apparently a future before Howell Hughes, a fifteen-year-old Carnarvon boy. A few days ago he distinguished himself by tying a cord round the tongue of his father's mare, half the tongue being subsequently found on the floor of the stable. It is seldom one hears of such precocity in brutality; but when the case came before the magistrates the lawyers treated it as if it were a rather pretty little joke on the part of Hughes, Junr. A veterinary surgeon gave evidence to the effect that it would not require much plucking to remove the tongue; not so much as would be necessary in the case of a cow's tongue, for instance. Mr. Allanson (who defended): "Or a lawyer's tongue." Mr. J. T. Roberts: "Yes, lawyers' tongues are rather leathery." It is almost a matter for regret that Hughes, Junr., was not invited by the magistrates to experiment on the tongues of those gentlemen as a physiological illustration of the evidence. The facetious lawyers having finished their observations, "the Bench dismissed the case," and Hughes left the Court without a stain on his character—or any other part of his anatomy. We do not gather that the Bench also passed a vote of thanks to Mr. Hughes, but it may be that before this was done the reporter had closed his notebook in disgust and left the precincts.

In the opinion of Professor William Osler, who was some time ago credited with the statement that men

are very little use after forty, those of us who are fortunate enough to get to heaven will notice that there is no place higher in its seraphic ranks than that occupied by medical men. It may be so, and on the whole, perhaps, it is just that it should be so. The sublime motto of medical men has always been "Kill or Cure"; and if it be true, as some competent statisticians have estimated, that they have killed more than they have cured, it would be something less than an adequate reward for their labours if they who have done so much to send people to that shining realm were themselves crowded out of all the best places for want of space. It must be a great comfort to Dr. Osler to be so sure of his reserved seat, whatever happens, and we sincerely trust he will not be disappointed.

Shall Stiggins block the way? The closing of the Exhibition on Sundays is causing our French friends the greatest inconvenience and indignation. It means that only half the number of French people who had planned to come over can visit it, and the prejudice caused by such a restriction is enormous. Indeed, in the belief that the Exhibition would be open on Sundays, a special popular week-end trip, giving one day (Sunday) in London, has been organised. The third-class return fare from Paris is a sovereign. The next cheapest fare is 10s. dearer. If the decision to close the Exhibition on Sundays is maintained, this one-day trip will have to be abandoned, and thousands of working-class people will be obliged to stay at home. The whole thing is unspeakably foolish, and ill accords with the much vaunted *Entente cordiale*. Again we ask, Shall Stiggins block the way?

Without trespassing on the sphere of "P," we note that Mr. Pinero characterises "The Thunderbolt," an "episode in the life of a provincial family." The men and women he presents as provincial types are pretentious, sordid, mean, narrow, and sloppy, and the atmosphere which they breathe and the scenes amid which they move are no more true of life in the provinces than they would be true as life in London. However it may have been years ago, to-day provincialism must be looked for nearer home than in the provinces. It survives almost wholly in accent and surface differences. In breadth of view, in sturdy independence, in strength of purpose, in straight living and common-sense thinking, in energy, in enterprise, in everything which goes to build up character, the men of Manchester or Birmingham or Leeds or almost any other provincial town not rural, have nothing to fear or lose by comparison with the Londoner. As Judge Parry has put it, "there is no real difference between London life and provincial life. To imagine a difference is really ridiculous." The epithet "provincial" has lost its meaning.

We are always directing the attention of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the revenue awaiting him by a tax on Racing and Betting—just as we have a tax on Drink and playing cards. In France the Government takes 8 per cent. of the *Pari-Mutuel* receipts, for the poor and their purposes, and about a million sterling is derived from this source in Paris alone. It also levies a toll on the takings of theatres and other places of entertainment. The toll is actually called *Le droit des pauvres*—the right of the poor—and about another million is raised from that source. Come, come, Mr. Lloyd George.

We are looking forward to a fine crop of trouble as the result of the haphazard, go-as-you-please style of appointing shorthand writers under the Criminal Appeal Act. One would have thought such highly important positions would have been open to competition. But no; the official shorthand

writer is not even subjected to the ordeal of a bus driver. If he has penny-a-lined in the Court long enough, and has systematically pleased all concerned, that seems to be quite sufficient. The order runs that these posts are to be filled on the recommendation of Recorders and Chairmen of Quarter Sessions, and so forth. But what can these Recorders and Chairmen possibly know of a man's ability to take a verbatim shorthand note? Meanwhile the Institute of Shorthand Writers and the Institute of Journalists are squabbling over the proper rate of pay. They are sadly illustrating the fable of the dog and the bone.

Here are some more "howlers" from the schools: "The modern name for Gaul is Vinegar." "Double dealing is when you buy wholesale to sell retail." "To dog a man's footsteps is to set your dog at him." "Common sense is sense that you have to think about a bit before you see it." "Peeress is the property of a peer." "Amatory verses are verses composed by an amateur." "Income is a yearly tax." "Reductio ad absurdum means 'there is no sense in reduction.'" "Yew is a she-sheep." "Dodo is a bird that is nearly decent now." "A knave is a man who shows people their places in church." "Making anyone understand anything is called 'exasperating.'" "An epistle is the wife of an Apostle." "Jacob was a tailor who made coats of many colours." "The foolish virgins were them as didn't get married."

What is Your Number?

OUR WEEKLY BALLOT FOR FIFTY HELPERS AT A GUINEA A PIECE.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL bearing any of such numbers we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation.

The following claims have been received for issues of APRIL 18TH and 25TH:—

W. EDMUNDS, 89, Sydney Terrace, Bensham, Gateshead, Durham (No. 34,494—April 18th.)
A. R. WATTS, c/o J. T. Watts, Blue Anchor Hotel, St. Mary Street, Cardiff. (No. 70,626—April 18th.)
S. R. MORAN, Fair Water Road, Llandaff, Cardiff. (No. 69,943—April 25th.)
J. W. SANDERS, Relaford, Selly Oak Road, King's Norton, Birmingham. (No. 71,479—April 25th.)
F. H. BARRETT, 4, The Common, Woolwich. (No. 25,527—April 25th.)
Wm. J. Worsley, 78, Goldsmith Avenue, Manor Park, E. (No. 121,784—April 25th.)
F. C. SCHOFIELD, 2, Churchfield Road, Walton, Peterborough. (No. 121,321—April 25th.)
JAMES FARLEY, 85, Beechwood Road, Hillsbro', Sheffield. (No. 106,005—April 25th.)
G. JOHNSON, 20, Trench Street, Wapping. (No. 94,010—April 25th.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of MAY 2nd:—

4208; 4529; 18185; 18685; 19177; 21536; 23774;
25890; 26030; 26941; 28422; 30878; 31637; 32493;
37280; 39401; 42964; 45153; 47570; 52633; 52727;
55658; 56716; 59135; 66713; 66824; 70748; 72581;
74314; 75082; 76881; 85078; 87753; 88090; 97817;
100811; 101438; 104171; 104482; 112488; 114882;
115376; 118367; 118688; 121606; 122096; 124938;
126039; 128210; 129999.

INITIAL FIGURES SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE OF COURSE, RECORDED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN REFERENCE OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED JULY 11th. (PUBLISHED JULY 9th).

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For saying that "it is one of their (workmen's) pre-occupations to send their children to Sunday School by roundabout roads lest they should pick up abominable blasphemies,"

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING IN THE MORNING POST
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that it is left to Unionism "to sneer at the Bishops,"

THE DAILY NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For saying that Sahary, the dancer, "can curl about the stage like a cobra,"

THE MORNING LEADER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For declaring that he is open to wrestle with all comers "if human beings,"

HACKENSCHMIDT
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For including under the head of "Poetry and Drama" a book called "Hints for Churchwardens and Sidesmen and Others,"

THE DAILY CHRONICLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For printing a picture of Mr. George Grossmith appearing in "Havana" (in which he does not appear at all),

LLOYD'S WEEKLY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For asserting that "it is important nowadays to have Jewish blood in one's veins—its infusion is a splendid stimulant to the dying Saxon races,"

MR. BEERBOHM TREE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For defining a blush as "a temporary erythema and calorific effulgence of the physiognomy, etiologicalised by the perceptiveness of the sensorium when in a predicament of unequilibrium from a sense of shame, anger, or other cause, eventuating in a paresis of the vasomotor nervous filaments of the facial capillaries, whereby, being divested of their elasticity, they are suffused with radiance emanating from an intimidated precordia,"

"A PHYSICIAN" IN THE GLOBE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising "Ground Floor to let, 2 rooms down, I up,"

THE SOUTHWARK AND BERMONDSEY RECORDER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "by the City of London Police Act it is forbidden to beat or shake any carpet, rug, or mat in any thoroughfare, except door mats, BEFORE the hour of 8 in the morning,"

THE ALDERMAN AND COMMON COUNCILMEN
OF THE LANGBOURN WARD
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For saying "he has nineteen hens and one cock for sale cheap, all laying,"

MR. WELLS (of 279, Southwark Park Road)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising that "a ladies' school is now in connection with the College, though entirely separate,"

THE KEYFORD COLLEGE (Frome)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that the May sunshine will change into perfect bloom many trees which are crowded with promising fruit,

THE WORTHING MERCURY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that May 1st was "much the hottest May Day of the present year,"

THE EVENING NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

OUR GENERALS.—II.

LORD KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM.

BY VEDETTE.

There has never been, probably, any General in the British Army around whose character and abilities more debate has raged than those of Lord Kitchener, and certainly there has never been one who valued public opinion or praise less. Kitchener is absolutely impervious to criticism or compliment, either from his military superiors or the press, while the voice of the much-quoted "Man in the Street" he heeds not in the least. So much was strikingly illustrated over the famous "desecration" of the Mahdi's tomb after the battle of Omdurman. A few days before this step was carried into effect Kitchener informed a few of his principal officers what he proposed to do. "There is sure to be a terrible row in England about it, if you do," remarked the late General Hector Macdonald, a man who was super-sensitive to what the outside world said about him. "Possibly," was Kitchener's only reply, "but I shall do it all the same."

KITCHENER'S OBSTINACY.

It is amusing to hear how this characteristic of Kitchener is described by different people according to whether they admire him or the reverse. In the space of a single hour I have heard references to "Kitchener's admirable firmness of mind" and to his "damned pigheadedness." There can be no doubt that he is as obstinate in his nature as any mule ever shipped out of New Orleans, and opposition only makes him the more determined to pursue resolutely the course he has marked out. Of all who have ever served under him it is to be doubted if there has been one who can handle him with the same amount of skill that "Archie" Hunter, at present one of his principal lieutenants in India, displays. His method of dealing with his chief is simple in the extreme, and is never known to fail. Kitchener will determine, say, to hold manoeuvres in a certain district and direct General Hunter to make the necessary arrangements. Hunter is far too astute to argue against the decision, or to point out that there is any difficulty in the way. He merely writes back, cheerfully agreeing to the decision, and then casually winds up with an expression of his personal opinion that possibly, say, Poona, would have been a better district for the operations, but, of course, he is quite satisfied, etc., etc. In the end it somehow happens that Poona is selected after all, and each General is perfectly satisfied with the result.

AN AUTOCRAT.

If Kitchener is an autocrat towards those serving under his command, he is none the less so to those who are, nominally at any rate, his superiors. The struggle between him and Lord Cromer for predominance in Cairo was the constant topic of conversation among the European colony there, while it is to be doubted if any of the three Secretaries for India who have held office since he first went to the Dependency have been able to enjoy a perfect night's rest. It is not, either, that Kitchener is of an aggressive disposition or delights in making trouble, but he takes a strong line on any subject, and then apparently stands amazed at the density of other people in not being able to see things exactly as he sees them. That there are other points of view he is quite prepared to admit, but that they are totally incorrect and unsound he is firmly convinced.

IN PRIVATE LIFE.

Apart from his work, Kitchener can be a most entertaining and agreeable companion. He has grown by this time so accustomed to being described as "the man of ice and iron" that he is now pleased to adopt on most occasions an attitude of icy reserve, and does his best generally to live up to the reputation that a too imaginative press has built up for him. When he drops this mask, however, he can be what the ladies call "thoroughly nice." Away from the outside world at "Snowdon," his house at Simla, among a small group of his intimate friends, Kitchener quite blossoms out and becomes as much like an ordinary man as it is possible for him to be. He takes in private life decided views upon most topics of the day, and likes to air these with a vigour of language that leaves no room for possible misapprehension. To get the *real* Kitchener, however, it is necessary to get him on to the subject of Downing Street and Government Departments, and officials generally. In some of those who come under the lash of his tongue on these occasions could only hear some of his expressions concerning them they would blush for very shame at their own misdoings.

A MAN OF ONE IDEA.

What Kitchener will do when he leaves India towards the end of the present year, and goes on the half-pay list for a

time, it is almost impossible to say. He has absolutely no hobbies away from his work. Sightseeing has no attractions for him, country life bores him; while the vapid talk of the Society drawing rooms would drive him nearly mad. The Army is his only recreation. As a soldier serving under him once growled, "With old Kitchener it is nothing but soldiering, morning, noon, and night. Then when he wants a holiday he holds a blooming parade! Why don't he go and keep rabbits for a change?" Work is a positive passion with Kitchener, and it is here truly that he takes his rest. Some years ago someone in his hearing criticised the military abilities of the late General Sir W. Gatacre. "Yes, I am afraid Gatacre will never do anything really great," assented Kitchener, "but he is a beggar for work."

HIS SARCASM.

No article on Kitchener would possibly be complete that did not refer to his liking for cutting, biting sarcasm. Nature has endowed him very liberally in this direction, and he has carefully cultivated his gift. Where other Generals that might be named would be provoked to use language the reverse of parliamentary, Kitchener smiles quietly and proceeds to lengths of satire that must sting the recipients like an ox-hide whip. During the Boer war he was writing outside his tent one morning when a horseman galloped swiftly by, casting up a lot of sand on to the General's table as he went. Kitchener looked up. "Go after that man," he said to one of his orderlies, "and if he is not a duke or an Imperial Yeoman, bring him back to apologise to me at once." The pet object of Kitchener's satire in South Africa was the number of young lordlings that Earl Roberts appointed to his Headquarters Staff. Entering the Staff messroom one night, he looked round and saw that the whole of the members of the mess were not present. "Hallo," he said as he took his seat, "where is the rest of the House of Lords to-night?" Perhaps his happiest remark of all, however, was made some eighteen months ago while on a tour of inspection along a certain portion of the Indian frontier. He had given orders some months previously for a new fort to be built here, and when he came up to inspect it he was disgusted to find it was absolutely commanded from a hill that stood close at hand and well within rifle fire. The officer in charge of the construction was summoned, and when he came up Kitchener leaned forward and shook him warmly by the hand. "I must congratulate you on the position you have chosen for this fort," he said suavely. "You have only now to remove that hill and its situation will be well-nigh perfect. I should start on the work at once, however, for it may take you some time, you know!"

NOT A LADY'S MAN.

Though it is highly probable that Kitchener will die as he has lived, a bachelor, he strongly resents the oft-repeated remark that he is averse to the society of the opposite sex. He considers, however, that they are apt to take up too much of a soldier's time. A short time ago, while in Calcutta, he sent for an officer and told him he wanted him to go to Bombay to do some hard work for three months or so. "How soon can you be ready?" he asked. "Oh, in about a week; I will ask the wife to start packing at once," said the officer. "Oh, but she is not going with you," retorted Kitchener. "I said I wanted you to do some *hard* work, you know."

It was left to one of the opposite sex, by the way, to give Kitchener the most candid opinion of his character he has ever received, and he tells the story with great enjoyment. A tennis party had been organised for one afternoon at a certain small hill station, and the whole of the officers practically hoped to be present. Suddenly, to the general consternation, Kitchener ordered a parade of the whole of the troops in the garrison for the same day. On the night before the day fixed for the party a young lady who knew him rather well went up to him and asked him if it was true that the parade would really be held. "Quite true," replied Kitchener, half suspecting what was coming. "Had you forgotten the tennis party?" demanded the girl. "No, not in the least," was his blunt reply. "Well, I think you are a perfect beast!" she exclaimed angrily, as she stamped her foot and turned away.

ESSENTIALLY AN ORGANISER.

Kitchener's ability as a soldier, as has already been hinted, will probably remain a bone of contention for all time. While there are those who would place him almost on a level with Napoleon and Wellington, there are others who doubt his abilities as a leader of men in a large campaign against a European foe, and who are disposed to regard him as a soldier of quite second-rate abilities with, however, a genius for organisation. One thing is certain: Kitchener in the office is an infinitely better soldier than Kitchener in the field—where, to put it mildly, he has been by no means a conspicuous success in the past.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS.—XXI.

THE COLONEL AND THE CLERK.

In 1900 a young man, whom we will call Mr. Bertram Landell, married. He came of decent stock, was well educated, and was 32. He was a clerk in the service of one of the great dock companies upon a salary of £70 per annum. At the end of twenty years' service he was in receipt of a salary at the rate of £120 per annum, and there was no prospect of early increase. It is not that Mr. Landell was incompetent, or that his employers thought meanly of him. On the contrary, when he was a candidate for the position of Secretary to the Chairman of the Port Commissioners of Calcutta, a post worth something like £1,800 a year, and which he narrowly missed getting, being one of the final three ultimately remaining out of hundreds of applications, he received this testimonial:—

Mr. Landell has been well educated, and during his sixteen and a half years' service he has given complete satisfaction to the directors.

A year or two later Mr. Landell was an applicant for the position of Chief Accountant to the Surrey Education Committee, and received a letter of recommendation from Mr. H. F. Donaldson, Chief Superintendent of Ordnance Factories, from which we take the following:—

During the time of my occupation of the post of Chief Engineer to the Joint Committee I was in pretty constant communication with the Accountant's Department, and with you personally, and it is a pleasure to me to put it on record that you gave evidence of a full grasp of all the intricate points of accountancy with which we had to deal. I heartily wish you success in your application.

There is many a man of gentle birth and upbringing who keeps a home together on £120, but when you start burdened with debt for furniture, and have to keep up a decent appearance, and live in London, it is a tight job. Be that as it may, Mr. Landell—by the way, he has been a total abstainer all his life—had resort to the money lender, finally to three of them, with the usual result. He used the name of a friend in the North, by personating him through the telephone, to get goods from West-End firms, which he pawned. He values the goods at £20, he got £7 from the pawn-brokers, all of which he handed to the money lenders. The fraud was discovered, and the result was six months' imprisonment.

On the 20th May last Mr. Landell was at the Army and Navy Stores when he saw a pocket-book drop from a gentleman's coat. He picked it up and found it to contain, among other things, £40 in bank notes, and handed it to the assistant secretary, who gave him this receipt.

"I beg to acknowledge the receipt of pocket-book found in the Stores, containing £40 in notes."

The assistant secretary found that the pocket-book belonged to a customer, Colonel Follett, and in forwarding the book with its contents to Colonel Follett, he mentioned that it was picked up by a "clerk out of work." In due course the following acknowledgment was received:—

Woodside, Old Windsor.

DEAR SIR,—The Secretary of the Army and Navy Stores has to-day sent my note-book, that I understand you picked up there. I am extremely obliged to you, and must apologise for any trouble that I have caused you.

Yours very truly,

R. W. W. FOLLETT, Colonel.

May 21st, 1908.

A very polite letter, and a proper one as between gentleman and gentleman, but a little unsatisfactory when the person is a "clerk out of work." Mr. Landell thought himself justified in putting this view of the matter before Colonel Follett, which he did in the following letter—

I am a poor clerk who has for a long time striven and failed to obtain permanent employment. The contents of your wallet would have proved a considerable temptation to a richer—a less needy man. After making search for you the pocket-book was handed to the Stores Secretary.

Had it been found in the street or in a public vehicle any honest finder would have received a reward equivalent to 15 per cent. from the police authorities.

While it is true that honesty is its own reward, may I venture respectfully to remind you of an old adage, "Palnam qui meruit ferat"?

Your further generous consideration will not consider the case is fully met by the bare acknowledgment before me.

Also a very proper letter, which brought a rather tardy answer from Colonel Follett, enclosing £2 2s.—one-third of what Mr. Landell would have got from the police.

Now, is there any business reader of JOHN BULL who will give Mr. Landell a trial?

THE DERELICTS OF FLEET STREET.

BY STANLEY PORTAL HYATT.

Amongst the busy streets of the world, Fleet Street probably takes first rank. Other great thoroughfares may have more traffic by day; but half-an-hour after the bars are closed they are practically deserted, save for the police. Fleet Street, however, has a night population as well as a day one, an army of journalists, printers, and carmen, the last of whom do not finish till about six o'clock. Then, for a short space, Fleet Street has comparative peace, and its derelicts come out of their lairs for their morning prowling.

If you want to realize the depths to which a man can sink, if you are unwise enough to risk seeing things which will haunt you for days, perhaps for years, if there are not already enough of the sad and the sordid stored up in your memory, make an early morning pilgrimage and look at the derelicts of Fleet Street, the scores and scores of pitiful creatures, practically all of them men, slouching slowly down the deserted roadway. Clad in the most incongruous collection of rags, remnants of garments now more suited to feed a refuse destructor than to hide a human body, long-haired, grimy, their faces covered with touselled libels on a beard, their feet with odd-shaped pieces of leather which have lost almost all semblance to a boot, they drag themselves along hopelessly, aimlessly, the very essence of misery and degradation. West of the Griffin of Temple Bar you will see but few of them, fewer still east of Ludgate Circus. It is Fleet Street which attracts them, and to which they crawl from the cellars and benches where they have shivered away the night.

Who are they, these derelicts of Fleet Street? They are Fate's mistakes, the vanquished in Life's battle; so much is obvious. But why should they go to Fleet Street? In the West End there is more to be found; more picking and—God forgive us for having to acknowledge it—richer garbage tins. Again, why should it be Fleet Street? Can it be they are former Fleet Street men, who cannot keep away from their old haunts, who crawl back in the only slack time of day to have a look at the scenes of happier days? Many may be compositors, engine men, carmen; but are any of them journalists, men whose signatures once helped to sell the papers? Fleet Street is a most cruel place. It takes so much of a man's life, and gives him so little in return. He lives three years in a single twelvemonth; he gives Fleet Street his brain, his youth, his enthusiasms, and his illusions, and, in return, he gets a bare living, until he becomes exhausted, after which Fleet Street has no further use for him; he becomes a back number.

One hears the man in the street complain that the papers are dull. He has spent a halfpenny, and expects in return sensation, sparkle, and wit. If you told him he was buying men's lives, he would snigger incredulously, after the manner of his kind; yet the fact remains—you cannot produce the modern newspaper for mere money; it must be paid for with flesh and blood as well.

Only Fleet Street itself can realize the tragedy of Fleet Street; only Fleet Street can understand its derelicts. Probably most of them are mere tramps and loafers; but none the less, they are, in a sense, symbolical.

There was the boy who came up from the country five years ago—fresh, full of hope, his head turned by having obtained a billet on the London Press; now he is weary, bitter, disillusioned, prematurely aged. He is reporting police-court cases, and sees nothing better coming to him in the future. . . . There is the brilliant Varsity man, who dreamed of writing for the *Fortnightly*, and, after ten years, is still at a sub-editor's desk, whittling down copy with a blue pencil; he has begun to drink, and the end is already in sight. . . . Yes, Fleet Street is a cruel, abominable, heart-breaking place, with but one redeeming feature—the generosity of journalists as a whole towards the fallen brother.

It is, perhaps, unlikely that there are journalists amongst the derelicts of Fleet Street; but, if the man in the crowd would realize the price which must eventually be paid for his cheap papers, let him go and look at them—the broken men, the worn-out men, the men who have grown weary and fallen by the wayside. Between six and half-past seven is the time, but no later than half-past seven; for as soon as the motor-buses begin to thunder down towards the City, and the crowd comes streaming up from Ludgate Hill Station, the ragged shadows slink away to whatever holes serve them as homes, as, though they felt that the world was awake again and they could not bear its gaze.

THE FURTHER WANDERINGS OF JIM CROW.

CATTARO, May 20th.

The Adriatic is the Home of the Winds. They crop up at the most unexpected moments and affect the lives and tempers of men in the most unexpected way. And this on shore as well as at sea. I was blown out of Venice by the Scirocco. This is a mean, cowardly, furtive, glutinous kind of wind. You wake up one morning feeling as though you had gone through some frightful orgy the night before. You are as limp as wet cotton-wool, as weak as calves'-foot jelly, and, as you were as sober as a lord the night before, you are utterly at a loss to account for your degeneracy. When you go out you are morose, dejected, almost incapable of putting one foot in front of another. You are alternately feverish and clammy; a terrible thirst is upon you, and for once there is no pleasure in quenching it. You confide to a resident that you are evidently sickening with some loathsome disease. Whereupon he laughs and tells you it is the Scirocco. The strange thing is that there is scarcely a breeze in the air. Somewhere, far away I suppose some African wind is bearing clouds of sand, compelling Arabs to lie flat on their faces, and you are rendered mysteriously prostrate in sympathy.

THE BORA.

At Trieste, I met an entirely different wind. Everything was peaceful when I went to bed, and I left my windows wide open. Suddenly I was awakened by a great banging of my windows and shutters. Presently the banging extended all down the street, there were loud crashes of glass, wild reports, strange cries. Had the Italian fleet surprised this coveted port with a nocturnal bombardment? I looked out and beheld the Bora, that rushing, mighty wind for which Trieste is famous. Sometimes it lasts for days, and becomes so violent that ropes have to be stretched across the streets, so that the few bold persons who have business out of doors, may grope their way in comparative safety. I was told by a Croatian bishop that his dog once went out for a walk during the Bora. No sooner had he emerged from the door than the wind seized him and whirled him away, head over heels, at the rate of about one hundred revolutions a minute. I began to fear I must defer my hopes of proceeding along the Dalmatian coast. But when I went down to the harbour I found the sea was almost unruffled.

A WRINKLE FOR THE RESTLESS.

I can heartily recommend this Dalmatian coast to anyone who hates the ordinary tourist resorts, where perspiring persons run about with red guide-books and dusty cameras to visit galleries and museums which they are utterly incapable of appreciating. Dalmatia is easy of access, the Austrian Lloyd steamers are extremely comfortable in every way, and the cost is well within the reach of modest purses. The scenery is unlike any I have beheld in any other part of the world—a joy for the colourist, a delight for those who love the fantastic. The steamers stay three or four hours at each important town, just long enough to gather a quick impression of mediæval marvels, which prepare the mind for longer visits in the future.

TRIESTE.

Now let us run down the coast. We will stay as short a time as possible at Trieste, a dull, modern, prosperous town, with large vulgar houses and garish shops. Nothing to see and still less to do. Even the hotel (de la Ville) is horrible. Wretched food, dingy rooms, noise, dirt, carelessness and the stupidest porter in the world. I told him to call me at 6.30 as I had to catch a boat. He chalked up the order on a board, and I impressed upon him the importance of punctuality. He vowed obedience by the nine gods, but nobody troubled to call me at all. But for the ill wind during the night, I should certainly have missed my boat, and all my plans would have been upset. When I remonstrated with him, he shrugged his shoulders and observed quite casually that there must have been a mistake. Then I made one of the tempestuous scenes which I know extremely well how to organise. I put the fear of God into the hearts of proprietor, manager and menials, and flatter myself that future travellers will receive more careful attention. The only amusing incident was the porter's absurd annoyance when I made the obvious remark that he was stupid. He grew scarlet in the face and protested wildly that he had never been called stupid, and could not submit to such a charge. I said that stupid was certainly not the right word. Here he began to unbend. Then I added that

stupid was not at all an adequate expression to characterise a person who ought to be locked up in an asylum for incurable idiots. The result was that I saved about 10s. in tips to the household, and I intend to send that sum to a suitable asylum. There is an ambiguous promise!

SPALATO.

The two most interesting towns in Dalmatia are Spalato and Ragusa. Spalato is certainly one of the most marvellous towns I have seen anywhere in all my wanderings about the round world. The Emperor Diocletian built a palace there, the largest building in Europe next to the Escorial. After the Roman Empire faded away, the good people of Spalato had no further use for a gigantic building of this kind. So they built a town inside the palace, and I am sure that the wildest stretches of the imagination could never approach such a town as this. The narrowest and most tortuous streets in fairyland form an amazing maze, wherein you may wander for hours. At every turn you find gorgeous, almost prehistoric carvings on the doors of the meanest hovels, weird gargoyles grafted upon walls, temples of the ancient gods turned into mysterious cathedrals. A deverywhere you are met by the politest people on earth, smiling and bowing and lavishing their genial welcome. I could write pages about this surprising paradise, but, after all, who cares for travellers' tales? If I have said enough to persuade one man to spend his next holiday at Spalato, I shall have played the part of a philanthropist.

RAGUSA.

It is no less difficult to do justice to Ragusa in a few lines. Surely nowhere else can there be such stupendous battlements, alone capable of resisting Turk and Venetian throughout the ages; such a feast of colour provided by a sea of blinding blue; so majestic a survival of heroic times. If ever I become an absolute monarch and am driven into exile, I shall certainly choose Ragusa as my refuge for the evening of my days. And now I am at Cattaro, at the foot of the Black Mountain, and my next letter will tell you about my adventures in the Principality of Brobdingnag.

"ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS."

Our contents bill of last week caused the street news-vendors much embarrassment—which is well illustrated by the following clever sketch:—

THE ENTENTE UN-CORDIALE.



FRENCH VISITOR: "Ah, M'sieur, vous parlez Français? Pouvez vous me dire la route—"

UNCONSCIOUS NEWSPAPER VENDOR: "Gahn aw'y! What yer talking abaht? You're the fif bick: what's been worrit' ing me this morning!"

THE FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION.

By SMART KENNEDY.

This wonderful city. Huge. Monumental. Pure white! Dazzling!! A dream. Yet a reality. But it should be for all men. Free everywhere. A glorious freedom! What wonders! What surprises!

The Machinery Hall. Crowded with ugly monsters. England's curse. Monsters that have licked up employment. The flowers. Beautiful to see in London. Telling of the countryside: and camp fires: and roasted chickens from somebody else's farm.

The Stadium! Glorious Sport! Muscle and fibre. The glories of fighting. Struggling. Battling. An exhibition great. Unsurpassed. Noble.

By ARTHUR ROBERTS.

I will be Franco, and say O, "Presto! What a good turn." From a waste—what has been made!

That Alfie, with the prefix Kir, is a clever dog: and, I ween, will make the yellow berries glow on the Shepherd's Bush.

Things looked black on the opening day for the white-washed halls; but it is not always May. I felt sorry for the Duke. He was not well repaid for the Ode. But the fine weather will bring the fine birds: with all their pretty feathers from gay Patee. May it be so after May: then no lame dogs will be helped over the turnstiles.

By STARRY PORELLI.

This is a wondrous creation, evolved from the mind of man; one is almost tempted to say, God's Good Man. This snow-white dominion, dazzling and fascinating and entrancing in its marble-like purity, is certainly a treasure on earth; and almost reminding us in its spotless chastity of a treasure in Heaven.

The beauties are almost indescribable, and almost baffle the power of even my facile pen. Contrasted with the icy coldness of the buildings, the bright, warm, genial colours of the flowers—their petals like myriad baby faces—are a pleasant relief: reflecting in innocent beauty all the colours of the rainbow. And the gorgeous flags, blue, green, yellow, red, &c., &c., and the freshly-painted stands, all make up a riotous scene of colour that dazzles the eyes, and almost makes the heart stand still in unutterable wonder, astonishment, and praise.

By ALFRED EXAUSTIN.

Mighty, mighty buildings,
Painted all so white,
Telling of Our greatness,
Linked to France's might.

Hail to ye, Kiralfy,
For thy wondrous brain;
But why the deuce on op'ning day
Didn't you stop the rain?

Excuse this halting metre,
I haven't now much gas;
All through influenza,
Alas! Alas! Alas!!!

COUNTY COURTED.

Miss Dainty Clara Vere de Vere
Is fond of frocks and frills,
But not so very fond, I fear,
Of paying little bills.

She buys a hat because it's dear
Sports fifteen gowns a week;
But every day from year to year,
The cash is far to seek.

Each morn that dawns she thanks again
Kind Heaven for its bounty;
And is adored by all the men
Of half her native county.

In fact she's voted quite a queen:
But this I know full well,
That in two senses she has been
A "County Courted" belle.

A. J. H.



EVER-READY 12 BLADED SAFETY RAZOR

The "Ever-Ready" 5/- Set

consists of Twelve (12) critically perfect keen-edged blades (each individually wrapped and guaranteed) complete with scientifically-adjusted safety frame, polished black handle and a two-piece stropping device, all compactly cased in handsome velvet-lined, lock-fitted box, exactly as illustrated.

The only difference between the Ever-Ready 12 Bladed Safety Razor and the sets sold at a guinea is the 10/- (ten shillings) YOU save.

PERFECT SHAVING.

The "EVER-READY" 12 Bladed Safety Razor will shave you better than any other Safety Razor. It will shave any beard with luxurious ease. No other razor blade is so capable of so good a result. It is perfectly adjusted in a second. Impossible to cut the face. Remember there are 12 of these intensely sharp "EVER-READY" blades with every 5/- set, and these can be stropped and used over and over again with the stropping device. With the "EVER-READY" 12 Bladed Safety Razor shaving becomes a pleasure, it is so easy and the result so satisfactory. Be sure it's the "EVER-READY" you purchase. Count the 12 blades in the set. See our trade mark face on the wrapper of each and every blade. See that the words "EVER-READY" are across the velvet lining inside the lid of the case. It is YOUR Protection.

OUR GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the "EVER-READY" 12 Bladed Safety Razor to be the equal in value of any guinea outfit. By "Guarantee" we mean that we will refund the full purchase price of 5/- to any unsatisfied customer. We don't ask you to risk 5/-. If the "EVER-READY" does not shave to your complete satisfaction we will refund the purchase price—or if you bought it through your dealer—we will refund to you through him. What maker will do this? What other Safety Razor maker will support his goods to this extent? We do, because we are sincere in our product.

Insist on having the "EVER-READY."

It is the ONLY guaranteed 12 (twelve) Bladed "Safety Razor" sold at 5/-.

Refuse all Substitutes.

The "EVER-READY" Safety Razor is obtainable from all first-class Cutlery, Ironmongers, Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, etc., throughout the United Kingdom, but if any difficulty in obtaining, send us name of your dealer together with P.O. for 5/- and we will dispatch the set to you per return, post free. AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO. (INC.), MANUFACTURERS, 33, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.



AMONG THE MUMMERS.

ARE OUR COMEDIANS FUNNY?

A diverting controversy has been going on in various papers, notably a certain Sunday journal and a certain evening sheet, on the subject of our music-hall comedians. Are they really funny? Are they original? Do they sing always the same sort of song in the same sort of way? These and other points (only less important than the truth or falsity of the report that Miss Maud Allan has refused an offer of £300 per week to go and dance in America) are raised by my anxious and gifted confreres. Whether a lion comique is funny or not, of course, is less a matter of fact than a matter of taste, and for my part I do not think any music-hall comedian we have at present is quite so funny as the average member of Parliament or within measurable distance (as a raiser of smiles) of the tragedians of the British stage. As to the small matter of originality, that is soon settled. None of us is original—except in the sense that originality is simple skill in concealing the source of one's inspiration.

If the music-hall star sings always the same sort of song in the same way, that is what he is paid for. Mr. George Alexander plays nominally many parts—but if he were not always George Alexander he might be a successful County Councillor, but he would not be a successful actor and the darling of the matinée girl. So is it with Lewis Waller; and so is it in only lesser degree with all the popular actors. The popular actresses could not be anyone else but themselves if they tried. As a wise Frenchman once said to me: "Your stage ladies (I except your two or three real actresses) do not need brains; and Clarkson and the picture postcard makers can do the rest." The music-hall artist is paid to be himself, or to repeat under various aliases the same old character in the same imperfect rhyme and catchy air. Why blame him because he does it? When an evening paper describes Mr. Wilkie Bard as "intellectually satisfying," I smile, as much almost as Mr. Wilkie Bard must have done himself on reading it. But I do not blame Mr. Wilkie Bard for being ever the same old Wilkie, save when he is Bard; or good old Harry for being good old Harry save when he is Lauder; or good old George for being good old George save when he is Robey.

KIRALFY THE GREAT.

Imre Kiralfy deserves well of his adopted country. He has given to Great Britain (and just now incidentally to France) what Dame Nature intended for Hungary. Barnum being dead, he is the greatest showman on earth. I wish he could have had the Franco-British ready for me to see when I wasted my shilling to go in; but that is a small affair. I have been and seen the flip-flap and the "No Admission" boards, and the Stadium, and the ladies with artificial colour, and the other attractions at Shepherd's Bush—not excepting the admirable restaurants of "Joe" Lyons and Paillards—and I agree that Imre is one of the wonders of the age. The White City, despite its puddles, is marvellous, and soon it will be more so. Besides, I have been reading about Kiralfy in the "World's Work"—an eulogy which I think must have been made in the mind of an American publicity man. For example, we are told that Imre has a brain for "big grasps," which may be true, but is not elegant; and his efforts at Earl's Court are described as "marvels of forethought and ripe schools of international knowledge"! The foreign element in Imre's huge spectacles (particularly on the feminine side) was considerable; but to call them "ripe schools of international knowledge" is perhaps phrasing it a little high. It seems that Kiralfy once discussed with an Anglo-Indian journalist "the possibility of lifting an Indian village, with a Mogul Palace or two, surrounded by their gardens, cooled by a section of the Himalayas, and 'lightened' by native jugglers, wrestlers and snake-charmers, and dumping them all into the middle of Kensington." No doubt Imre has his nightmares, like the rest of us, and he may see snakes (and "snake-charmers") in them. But he should not allow professional puffsters to piffle about them.

UNGRAMMATICAL SHAKESPEAREANS.

How is it that the people who fuss most about Shakespeare do not know, or if they know, do not observe the elementary rules of English grammar and composition? Probably, they have been so busy from their birth upwards trying to push themselves into notice under one pretence or another that they have not had time to learn their own language—or rather the language of some of them, for the Yid, not the Englishman, is ever your most devout Shakespeare worshipper. A conference of the two committees which are busying themselves with "honouring the Bard" just now, met the other day at the House of Lords and issued a resolution which is beautifully mixed as to its singulars and plurals. It does not really matter much, I suppose; for the ringleaders appear to prefer to talk rather than to put their hands in their pockets, and so long as this is so the general public will take precious little notice of their requests for coin, either for a Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, a Shakespeare Library or any other sort of marble-fronted atrocity they may propose. Personally, I am in favour of a National Theatre. However, I do not believe the British nation at large cares a tinker's curse for the Higher Drama, and I doubt if it ever will. People who want better plays can get them co-operatively as things are, by paying for them: there is no need to call upon non-theatre-goers or pro-Shakespeareans to subsidise their peculiar amusements.

SOUND FINANCIAL METHODS.

THE TRIUMPH OVER PREJUDICES. VICTORY OF REFORM.

There are few studies that afford greater pleasure or give greater satisfaction to the studiously inclined nature than a careful examination of the rise and fall of ancient nations, or the gradual decay of old traditions and the absorption or extinction of old institutions. The student, if he so desires, can trace how from these past great traditions a new code of ideas has gradually evolved, while from the structures of old historic houses new enterprises more fitted to deal with the altered conditions of time have been brought into being.

THE BATTLE WITH PREJUDICE.

All great reforms that have tended to shake settled beliefs or to upset established methods have had to contend with both prejudice and violent opposition. It has been so in religion, in politics, in banking, in finance, and so it has been in the establishment of the London and Paris Exchange, Limited, an institution founded to give greater and more extended facilities for financial transactions and dealing in and obtaining advances on Stock Exchange securities. The directors wish to congratulate their supporters that, notwithstanding all this opposition, they have succeeded in establishing their enterprise, and they are convinced, from the progressive advancement of their business, that they occupy to-day a high position in public favour. The sound and liberal principles on which the business is conducted justify the belief that future years will witness a continuance of steady and healthy expansion, and bring increased prosperity.

MODERN INVESTMENT.

To-day investment is on very different lines from what it was twenty, or even ten, years ago. The sphere of investment has been considerably broadened, and methods have become greatly diversified.

PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS.

What the investor must do is to make it his business to obtain all necessary information from trustworthy sources. See that your money gives you a fair return, and that it is not locked up in unmarketable securities, where there is practically no chance of appreciation in capital value, and when you wish to realise there is no market to sell on. But, naturally, the investor asks, "How am I to obtain this knowledge? How am I to avoid being drawn into schemes which will mean loss of money to me? How am I to clearly understand the intricacies of money matters and Stock Exchange investments?"

A VALUABLE BOOK.

The whole subject of investment and finance is lucidly and thoroughly explained, in a clear, practical manner, in "Modern Banking and Investment," a book which has been specially compiled by experts on all the varied financial subjects of the day. It is intended to help and assist those who desire that their capital shall be safely invested and at the same time yield a good return. It also lucidly explains the complicated technicalities of all Stock Exchange operations—it affords a complete encyclopædia to the Stock Exchange, and how profits can be made.

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LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE, LTD.,
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[JOHN BULL COUPON.]

AMONG THE BOOKS.

BY HERBERT VIVIAN.

"*Keax Om Pax: Essays in Light.*" By Aleister Crowley. (London: Scott. 1907.)

Facing the title-page are the words "Review Copy—Not for Sale." I have never seen this intimation printed in any book before, and it is peculiarly unnecessary in the present case, as I am sure nobody would part with the book for untold gold. The author is evidently that rare combination of genius, a humourist and a philosopher. For pages he will bewilder the mind with abstruse exoteric pronouncements, and then, all of a sudden, he will reduce his readers to hysterics with some surprisingly quaint conceit. I was unlucky to begin reading him at breakfast and I was moved to so much laughter that I watered my bread with my tears and barely escaped a convulsion. The first chapter is entitled "The Wake World: A Tale for Babes and Sucklings (with explanatory notes in Hebrew and Latin for the use of the wise and prudent)." It consists not only of apposite quotations in Hebrew, Arabic, Armenian, Egyptian hieroglyphics and other evidences of deep research, but a familiar Bible quotation attributed to "Anon." There is also the following pithy African proverb:—

Owe ni ifa ipa
Omoran ni imo—
Bi a ba wipe mo—
Omoran a mo.

Then we have a subtle flight of imagination entitled "Ali Sloper; or, The Forty Liars. A Christmas Diversion," from which I cannot forbear to quote a gem or two:—

Bowley.—More coffee, please. I attribute the Baby to Malkuth. Mrs. Bones, may I paint the baby bright yellow all over? Heedless of Mother's sighs and groans He painted blue the Baby Bones, in the well-known porphyrean of the late John Keats, on whom be peace. . . . But as I say, your alleged husband trains neither his child nor his moustache; and I will contend with him, I will fight and overcome him; yea, I will inflict upon him my celebrated essay upon Truth—and he shall never rise again! It is written in the manner of Immanuel Kant. Ay, but of Immanuel Kant in bed with Bessie Bellwood. The hands are the hands of Schopenhauer, but the voice is the voice of Arthur Roberts. . . . The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto the Man in the Moon, who stood on the shores of Lake Copernicus and said: "What a beautiful earth-rose! How wonderful are the dark shadows on yon silver globe! They are like a hare, like a dog, like a bally great rabbit with its tail in its mouth. One would say a young virgin in pink sandals with her hair in curl papers."

Seriously, there are some really fine frenzied poems, almost as destitute of meaning as those of Swinburne, and the design on the cover is the finest prescription for a nightmare I have ever seen. The book ought very certainly to be popular in Bethlem Hospital.

"*Princess of the Sandhills.*" (London: Gay and Bird. 1908. Price 3s. 6d.)

This is one of the most charming books I have read for a long time, simple and surprising, natural and fantastic, plaintive, pathetic and witty. An officer marries a child of nature chiefly to please her father, goes off to India directly after the ceremony, and returns some years later to find that his wife has no intention of regarding him as a husband. There are a variety of misunderstandings, and, of course, they are cleared up at the end, but the characters are very cleverly worked out, and the readers will readily forgive the few improbable events which, after all, were not essential to the plot. But it is difficult to forgive such lapses as "Esther, who a happy chance had thrown across my path," and "I received another letter from Allan . . . dated from a London hotel. It informed me that my husband had just embarked from India." Allan being the husband, it is difficult to understand how he could have come over so quickly.

"*Love and The Spy.*" By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. (Dundee: Leng and Co. 1908. Price 7d.)

"*Carlowrie.*" By Annie S. Swan. (Dundee: Leng and Co. 1908. Price 7d.)

So far as size and print are concerned, these books are a pleasure to read. "Carlowrie" is evidently a very early effort and will scarcely appeal to the modern public. "Love and the Spy" is announced as a new story, specially written for this series. But anyone who has read one of Mr. and Mrs. Williamson's stories has read them all. Which is to say that their present book is sure to appeal to admirers of its predecessors. I need scarcely mention that there is a motor on the cover.

THE WORST DISEASE IN THE WORLD.

Kills and Drives Mad more People than any other form of illness.

THE AWFUL AGONIES OF NERVOUS DEBILITY.

Nervous debility is beyond doubt the most lingering, most torturing, and the most painful disease in the world. It is amenable neither to the surgeon's knife nor the medicine bottle. There is only one possible source of hope—electricity. If that cannot relieve or cure, nothing will.

MADNESS OR PARALYSIS?

Extreme fidgetiness is another symptom of the earlier stages of the disease. A person finds it impossible to sit still for any length of time. One keeps drumming the floor with his feet. Another keeps rising up and sitting down again. Yet another must be "doing something" all the time. Dizziness and a sensation of heart-failure are also symptoms. It is an effort of will to cross an open space. Even when walking along the street there is a constant fear of toppling over, and the victim therefore, clings closely to the wall. In some forms the sufferer finds it impossible to face a crowd of people without feeling dizzy, and seeks perpetual solitude. In others the neurasthenic cannot bear to remain in a closed space—as, for instance, a railway-carriage. The using of words in the wrong place, failure of memory, and an indisposition to physical or mental action are also certain symptoms.

All these—and they are only a few of the numerous forms in which nervous debility begins to reveal itself—are premonitory warnings of the commencement of a brain or a nerve lesion, which, if neglected, probably ends in one of three things:

- (1) Imbecility
- (2) Insanity
- (3) Paralysis and Death.

ELECTRICITY THE ONLY POSSIBLE HOPE.

And yet Physicians themselves admit that no medicine ever yet distilled or compounded can cure this form of illness. Medicines may at the very outset—i.e., in the early stages—somewhat retard the progress of the disease, but only electricity can infuse actual new nerve-force into a person, and that is why the Pulvermacher Treatment by curative electricity has had so remarkable a record of successes in the cure of this form of illness. But even electricity can only be of avail when employed before the final and incurable stage of the disease has been reached. It is vitally important, therefore, that nervous debility should receive treatment at the very earliest moment possible.

In the new book recently published which the Superintendent of the Pulvermacher Institute offers post free and gratis to every reader of JOHN BULL, those interested further in this subject will find the most interesting and sensational revelations of the effect of curative electricity in the treatment and cure of nervous debility. Just send your name and address to the Superintendent, Pulvermacher Institute, Ltd., 97, Vulcan House, 56, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C., and a copy will be posted to you at once. The book is crammed from cover to cover with the most sensational matter dealing with this extremely common and too frequently neglected ailment.—[ADVT.]

OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To C. J. Stewart, Esq., Public Trustee.

SIR,—I observe, with pleasure, that my repeated strictures upon you are beginning to bear good fruit. Not only am I constantly receiving letters from testators informing me that they have decided not to avail themselves of your services, but I notice that in a recently proved will you have been expressly barred by codicil.

Sorry I am still at large to worry you. Can't you hurry up the Public Prosecutor a bit? JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. the Earl of Crewe, Secretary of State for the Colonies.

DEAR MY LORD,—This Dinizulu scandal becomes blacker the deeper it is probed; and though you appear to be doing all that is possible to guard the just interests of a chief who seems at once the defendant in a groundless prosecution and the victim of a monstrous persecution, I cannot do other than express my regret that your lordship can find no means of compelling the Natal Government to bring him to trial.

Dinizulu has now been imprisoned for many months on charges of murder and treason after military operations against him, unjustified on any grounds yet disclosed. Not a scrap of evidence has been produced in support of the charges. His territories were placed under martial law, his people terrorised, his papers seized, his defence hampered almost to the point of suppression, his trial delayed on pretext after pretext. But even that is not the whole story. The poor chap has been unable to pay the costs of an appeal to the Supreme Court of Natal because the Natal Government has stooped to the almost incredible meanness of stopping his official allowance. This you learnt from the press on May 16th, and you at once cabled for confirmation of the statement. Not until May 21st did the Natal Government admit the fact. On the 22nd you followed up the matter by an inquiry as to the nature of the appeal for which Dinizulu was unable to pay the costs, but at the time of writing, I gather there is no answer; at all events none is recorded.

My lord, the conduct of the Natal Government throughout this case has now assumed the dimensions not only of a Colonial, but of an Imperial scandal. It seems as if, unable to make out even the shadow of a shade of a case against Dinizulu, they are determined to convict him by depriving him of all means of defence. True, my lord, he is only a black man. But he is either a murderer and a traitor against our Sovereign Lord the King, or he is not. He is a subject of the Crown, and as such is entitled to a white man's trial in a white man's tribunal by a white man's justice. He is receiving something less than a white man's justice in Natal, my lord; he is receiving no sort of justice at all. I trust your lordship will hasten to put all the pressure possible on the Natal Government to end the scandal, for the honour of the Imperial name.

JOHN BULL.

To Principal M'Culloch, Edinburgh.

REV. AND LEARNED SIR,—The report of the special committee appointed by the Commission of the Free Kirk Assembly to inquire into the horrid practices prevalent in Leith Church brought you up at the Assembly with a motion that the said committee be not re-appointed, that the Edinburgh Presbytery be enjoined to give due attention to any complaint regarding any disallowed practice in public worship, and that in the meantime the session and congregation of Leith be inhibited from using instruments of music in their religious services. There was a rumpus before you arose on your reverend legs, and there was a bigger rumpus by the time you resumed your reverend seat; for with your hand on your bosom you had answered the cruel tongues which had circulated the report that you were in favour of instrumental music and hymns in public worship, by retorting that long before those who made such a slander against your holy name were known or heard of in a Church Court you had moved against the introduction of hymns and had followed those who moved against organs. The Assembly made more row about the hymns and organ of Leith Church than a Jew would make over eating a bit of pork.

In England we have a habit of thinking that hymns, and organs, and choirs will get us easily into fairer realms than this, but it looks as if the Free Kirk of Scotland has come to the conclusion that hymns and organs will land us elsewhere with weeping and wailing and gnashing

of teeth. I'm bothered if I know what to make of some of us professing Christians. I can understand a Jew shying at the sight of a barrel of hog fat, or a Mohamedan turning his back on a barrel of Bass, but it is a strain on me to understand how any living Christian will get into Paradise at all if what we say about each other's methods of religious worship is true. In the opinion of a Free Kirk Scotsman, organs and hymns apparently come into the same category of heinous sin as whistling on the Sawbath, just as in the opinion of an Anglican parson anybody dying without being baptised, or committing suicide while not in a state of temporary insanity, comes into the same category as marrying your great-grand-mother or your deceased wife's sister.

The Rev. Murdo Macqueen rises on his hind legs in the Assembly and advocates that a man should be called in to break up the Leith Church organ "for the love of Free Kirk principles"; while another pious parson, the M'Leod of Dornoch, sails in with his Report on Religion and Morals, and asserts that the fact of the King and Queen of England recently attending a Catholic service for the repose of the souls of a murdered monarch and his heir "ought to make us mourn before God." "It was also a grave fact," asseverated the M'Leod, "that grave disasters followed. Three of our naval ships were disastrously wrecked, and many brave sailors were brought to a sudden end." So that the M'Leod regards it as a judgment. I have no vindictive feeling against any of my fellow creatures, but if the M'Leod came to a sudden end while blowing himself out on religion and morals I should refrain from denying that it would be a judgment also. But there is little fear of this providential blessing. He is as long-winded as the national bagpipes.

If I am to judge by the speeches and speakers at this Assembly of Wee Frees, the sort of religion its reverends and elders are trying to get into the immortal souls of the congregations it represents must be deadly dull for Sundays and terribly joyless for the rest of the week. To get up with a religion like that every morning and go to bed with it every night in the dark would frighten most people into worship with the heathen who in his blindness bows down to wood and stone. If the members of the Assembly enjoy it, I shall not weep, for it is none of my funeral. All roads lead to heaven, it may be; but it appears to me that the Wee Frees are going a long way round.

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. Billington-Grieg, Suffragette House, Marlow.

MY DEAR LADY,—What fun you are having! Of course it is not as strenuous as it used to be before you put your neck under the heel of the oppressor by getting married, and it is fun of a rather different kind, but it is real rowdy-dowdy all the same.

Take the meeting you tried to address at Marlow a week or two ago. At first it looked as if the proceedings would be as calm as Sunday; but as soon as you rose to orate, the audience started singing the national anthem, "For she's a jolly good fellow." It was vociferous music, and naturally you were a little abashed at the complimentary references to yourself. When the beautiful cadences had died away, you proceeded with your suffragious argument, and having heard half-a-dozen words of it, the multitude once more broke out into a loftier song, to wit, "I was only teasing you." The mingling voices of the tenors and-basses, now in unison, now in harmony, swelled in majestic chorus through the hall, for in Marlow you appear to have touched all hearts to jeers.

In an interval of tense emotion you again tried to utter your thoughts on Votes for Women, whereupon the audience switched on to that pathetic ballad, "If only your eyes could speak." This concluded, they rose and sang "God Save our gracious King." Then somebody lowered the gas, and with the query, "Where was Moses when the light went out?" they departed, having spent a pleasant evening. I know it is said that we are not a musical nation; but since the Malony tolled the bell at Dundee, there has been a renaissance of music at Suffragette meetings in different parts of the country, and no doubt you will find, as your campaign proceeds on the lines you have mapped it, that the latent musical talents of your countrymen are undergoing remarkable development. You wish them to hear you talk, they wish you to hear them sing. In these circumstances, I trust you will both enjoy yourselves, for brief life is here our portion.

JOHN BULL.

THE RUSSIAN RACE.



OWNER to JOCKEY: "You'll do better without that whip."

IN THE CITY.

WARING AND GILLOW.

A correspondent informs us that he recently wrote to Waring and Gillow asking for an explanation of the delay in the issue of dividend warrants, and the following was the reply he received:—

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your inquiry, I beg to inform you that the Dividend Warrants on our Ordinary Shares have not been posted, as the Accounts and Balance Sheet for 1907 are not yet quite completed by the Company's Auditors. As soon as they are ready the annual meeting will be called, when the question of dividend will be dealt with by the meeting.

Last year the Company was subjected to some criticism for paying the final dividend before the Balance Sheet as presented to the Shareholders.—I am, yours faithfully,
May 4th, 1908. Jos. Ritson, Secretary.

In common with our correspondent, we await with interest the publication of the Directors' report and accounts.

THE TOBACCO TRUST AND THE GOVERNMENT.

Under this head, in our issue of May 2nd, we published a letter in which the writer contended that "The Imperial Tobacco Company, Ltd., which is the greatest monopoly in this country, is positively protected by the Government. They (the Government) have built up within the last few years a colossal Trust, the worst the country has ever seen." A correspondent now sends us an editorial taken from *Henderson, Ky., Journal*, of May 19th, which is along the same lines, and which, he thinks, will be of interest to our readers. Referring to Mr. Asquith's statement in the House of Commons that the operations of Trusts in Great Britain are necessarily circumscribed, and far less mischievous than in other countries because of the absence of a Customs Tariff, the *Journal* says that is true so far as coal, iron and steel, meat, machinery, and shipping are concerned, "but it fails utterly when tobacco comes up for consideration. In fact, it proves to demonstration that what fosters and encourages the growth of the Tobacco Trust in the British Empire is the operation of the existing schedule of duties." Our American contemporary goes on to ask what gives the Trust its present commanding position, and provides it with a sort of vested privilege.

It is the British tobacco tariff, a tariff which takes no account of values, which ignores trade customs, and which is contrived to make more profitable that branch of the trade which is already too profitable, and which the Imperial all but controls, while at the same time it starves those less remunerative channels which independent manufacturers are still permitted to enjoy.

The remedy lies in a differentiated duty, preferably in a stamp duty on the package, one that recognises, as Mr. Asquith puts it, that "trusts are fostered by customs tariffs."

ONE AND ALL SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

We have received the following letter from the Secretary of this Association, replying to one that appeared in our issue of May 23rd:—

The correspondent whose letter you publish in your issue of May 23rd seems possessed by one idea, and it is that because Friendly and Benefit Societies have not offered what the Association which I have the honour to represent undertakes to do, it cannot be done. Our working for the year shows that we can meet all claims made against us during a period of more than usually unfavourable weather conditions, and marked by a prevalence of influenza which amounted almost to an epidemic. I do not say that this alone proves everything, but it goes to show that our premium seems to be sufficient to meet the liabilities in times that are to a certain extent exceptional.

Your correspondent seems to forget also that this Association is essentially a Slate Club, and that the transactions of each year are distinct from those of every other, except in respect of that Reserve Fund to which we, like your correspondent, attach the utmost importance.

The levy, which your correspondent dreads so much as an instrument which may be used indiscriminately and ruthlessly at the will of the management, is not the formidable thing he imagines it. If he had read your editorial carefully, or if he had done us the honour to read carefully the prospectus he criticises, he would have found that levies are to be imposed only in contingencies that are

comparatively remote, and that even in the worst that could occur they would not "become of serious moment to the members."

The remark that the Association is relying upon lapsed membership for the creation of a reserve fund is perfectly gratuitous, and has as much foundation in fact as that the "working man" whose cause your correspondent champions would become a "lapsed mass" by the burden of the levy. The fact that we have on the year's transactions been able to put aside a substantial sum for the creation of a Reserve Fund, is proof that, in ordinary times, the premium is more than sufficient to meet the claims, and as that Fund increases the chances of a levy become less. Of course, frequent levies would mean disaster to the Association.

A STRING OF ASSURANCE CONCERNS.

THE EXCELSIOR SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT ASSURANCE SOCIETY; THE ALBION ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION; THE NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE SICK AND ACCIDENT ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

MR. DANIEL MORGAN AGAIN.

In our issues of June 29th, 1907, and July 6, 1907, we had occasion to deal with Mr. Daniel Morgan in connection with his then new bantling, the Maritime Legal Aid Association, and its dealings with Mr. Havelock Wilson, M.P. It may be remembered that the object of this Association was set out to be to "provide and render legal assistance to all those in need of same, more especially to the seafaring classes." As consideration for services rendered, Mr. Havelock Wilson, M.P., undertook to use his influence with the Sailors' and Firemen's Union to persuade sailors with claims against shipowners to employ the Maritime Legal Aid Association to recover them. We gave reasons for our opinion that Mr. Havelock Wilson was ill advised to associate himself in this way with Mr. Daniel Morgan. We do not know what has become of the Maritime Legal Aid Association, whether it is alive or dead, thriving or defunct, but Mr. Daniel Morgan cannot be giving it much of his time, seeing that he is at the back of the three organisations named at the head of this article, all of which are claiming public support, and to some extent getting it upon the strength of impudent statements.

Let us take the Excelsior Sickness and Accident Assurance Society. This venture is to be found at Jessel Chambers, Chancery Lane, and has only recently commenced business. The moving spirit in the concern is Mr. Daniel Morgan, about whom it may be opportune to say a word or two. Mr. Morgan hails from Cardiff, and was first associated with the Federal Assurance Corporation, Ltd., of 7, Fenchurch Buildings, E.C. This concern was wound up in May, 1907. Mr. Morgan then became associated with the Sovereign Accident and Sickness Association, of the same address, where he was employed as Agency Manager. But he did not hold this appointment for any time. He started the Workers' Accident Compensation Society at Jessel Chambers, Chancery Lane, which, like the Federal Assurance Corporation, died in infancy. Next came the Maritime Legal Aid Association, about which we have already spoken above, and now the Excelsior Sickness and Accident Assurance Society has the benefit of his guidance. Mr. Morgan is the "General Manager," and the "Secretary" is Mr. A. F. Montain. We do not know anything about the latter, but there was a man of the same name and address trading as F. L. Marx and Co., at 9, Lower James Street, Golden Square, W.C., against whom a deed of arrangement was registered on the 18th of September, 1907, and also dissolution of partnership, a list of creditors appearing in the *Gazette* of August 25th, 1907. Is it one and the same?

With respect to the Albion Assurance Association, we observe that the General Manager is Mr. "Thomas S. Appleton." Is this the man who was connected with another batch of so-called Insurance Companies having offices in Cheapside?

We advise our readers to have nothing to do with any one of these concerns.

THE MOLASSINE CO. (1907), LTD.

We have received a copy of the first annual report and balance sheet of the Molassine Company (1907), Limited, which shows a net profit for the period February 5th, 1907, to March 21st, 1908, of £25,099 18s. 7d. The expenses of the Company, advertising, &c., have all been defrayed out of revenue. After meeting fixed charges, the Directors propose to pay a dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. on the ordinary shares to the 31st March, 1908, crediting capital reserve fund with £15,866.

THE CITY AND WESTMINSTER EXCHANGE, LIMITED.—Stock and Share Dealers, Queen Anne's Chambers, Westminster, S.W. No Commission. Loss Limited. Profit Unlimited. All payments made directly bargain closed. Write at once for pamphlet, which will be sent post free on mentioning this paper. Telephone Nos., 557 Westminster, 7765 Gerard. Telegraphic address, "Stockwork," London.—A972.

BRITISH BANK OF COMMERCE.

In our last issue, and in reply to a correspondent, we said we were making some inquiries respecting this Company. We have since done so, and we are satisfied that it is a sound and well-conducted concern. We gather from the prospectus issued by the Bank that it has been established to offer facilities "principally in the way of banking to small traders and the general public which, so far, only people in a large way of business and the wealthier classes could obtain." No term deposits are catered for, and only amounts of above £50 are accepted from the public against British or foreign Government securities. The character and financial standing of the partners and the parties financing them, may perhaps be gathered from the fact that they include the Banque Populaire, Basle (one of the largest Swiss Banks), and Robert Schwarzenbach and Co., 66 and 67, Aldermanbury, E.C. (perhaps the largest silk manufacturers in the world).

TASMANIAN CONSOLS, LIMITED.

The capital of this Company is £150,000, in £1 fully paid shares, and at the present price, 6s. to 6s. 6d., the mine, machinery, &c., is valued by the market at £48,750, in spite of the fact that about £100,000 has been spent on development and machinery, and crushing from the 20-stamp battery is producing about £12,000 net profit per annum. The mine is proved down to 1,800 feet, and developments during the last few months have been most satisfactory, showing that there must be large reserves of ore available, although not blocked out entirely. In view of revived activity in mining markets, the shares are being "talked" for a quick return to the neighbourhood of 15s., at which price they stood until about three months ago, when, owing to an unfortunate failure, a large block was thrown on the market.

J. SAMUDA, LTD.

A good many readers have asked us our opinion of this issue. We do not see much in it that is attractive. It is a company formed to acquire the retail cigar, cigarette and tobacco business of Messrs. J. Samuda and Co. The purchase price has been fixed at £60,000, but as to the real value of the business the prospectus supplies no data. "For trade reasons it is considered undesirable in the interests of the Company's business to publish any details as to profits." We really do not see how this tobacco business could be injured by disclosing profits. Without such disclosure it is like buying a pig in a poke. The Board consists of three directors only, all of them servants of Messrs. J. Samuda and Co. For these and other reasons we cannot recommend our readers to apply for shares, even though the prospectus assures us that the retail customers of the business range from "Members of the House of Lords down to the lower middle class."

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

ARNOLD AND COMPANY.—H. T. (Brighton).—Our information is that the proprietor of the business is one Thomas Winkworth, a publican at Pentonville. O. M. (Manchester).—We are obliged by your letter with its enclosure, which we are holding for the moment. We shall be glad to know what follows.

BRITISH NATURAL PREMIUM LIFE ASSOCIATION.—MUGGERIDGE (Bateman Street).—The position of the company is anything but "satisfactory." It is very difficult to advise you in the matter, having regard to the length of time you have been a policy holder. We will give further consideration to the matter, and write you later.

FARROW'S BANK.—A. C. F. (Sheffield).—Yes, we think so. CAUTIONS (Denmark Park).—We think you may do so safely.

FOUND INVESTMENT.—COSMOS (Runcorn).—No, but it may be safe enough for all that.

BANKRUPTCY PROCEEDINGS.—J. P. (Whitstable).—We cannot advise you on such complicated matters. You should consult a solicitor.

FORMATION OF COMPANY.—X. (Witton-le-Wear).—We regret we cannot be of assistance to you in the matter.

STANDINGS OF INSURANCE COMPANY.—D. A. G. (Coventry).—It is not in the front rank.

NORTH SUSSEX GAS AND WATER COMPANY.—D. D. R. (Hackney Road).—The report suggests that the Company is making fair progress. You should hold your preference shares for the present.

SAFE TRANSFER.—O. G. (Bath).—(1) We should keep the £50 in the Savings Bank. (2) You would be very foolish to have dealings with the people you name, or to have Stock Exchange transactions of any sort.

SCOTTISH OLIVE OIL ASSOCIATION.—G. W. R. (Kettering).—Yes.

WALDORF HOTEL.—HANHAM (Bristol).—No, we know nothing "wrong" about the Company. The shares of all hotel companies are necessarily speculative, but the Waldorf has begun well, and there is good reason to believe that it will have a prosperous career.

LIST OF INVESTMENTS.—ALZEMAC (Brockley).—You have made an excellent selection, with the possible exception of No. 4 shares, not, in our opinion, worth their present price.

LONDON AND PROVINCIAL EXCHANGE.—J. S. (Huntly).—We are obliged to you for the communication you have received from these people advising you to buy shares in the Anglo-Belgian (Sierra Leone) Rubber Corporation, and offering them to you at 2s. 4d. each. We need hardly say that you should not accept Mr. O. Lamb's offer, on behalf of his company, of a "limited number of these shares." The statement that "buyers will have no difficulty in the near future of making substantial profits on any investment that is now made" is very impudent.

PREMIUM BONDS.—L. T. (Rhonda).—We cannot recommend the purchase. WOULD-RE INVESTOR (London).—Better keep your £50 in the Savings Bank. CAUTIONS (Birmingham).—The market price of the City of Paris is £18 7s. 6d.; of the City of Brussels £4 8s. 6d.; and of the Ottoman £7 9s. J. SAMUDA, LIMITED.—J. H. (Truro).—The shares would represent a very speculative purchase.

GENERAL BOOTH'S APPEAL.—L. M.—We agree. LAW, CAR AND GENERAL INSURANCE.—A. H. K. (Bath).—We had already received a full statement from the firm.

NATIONAL BENEFIT FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—F. O. (Northwich).—We are not prepared to say that it does, but it is a strong and well-managed institution.

TRANSFER OF SAVINGS.—B. B. B. (London).—No. We should not advise it. We much prefer the Savings Bank. H. DE W. (Bournemouth).—Ditto. WARING AND GILLOW.—W. A. B. (Liverpool).—We are making enquiries. See City page.

HOMESTEADS, LIMITED.—O. S. (Luton).—It is entirely a matter of security. We understand that the cost of building could not have exceeded £150, and that it adjoins another house, and the wall is a party one, whilst the road is not yet made up. We do not think you would be acting either wisely or safely in keeping back the premiums.

THE LONDON SCOTTISH STOCK EXCHANGE.—AN ADMIRER OF "JOHN BULL" (Bath).—We thank you for the circular. Apparently no amount of exposure is sufficient to save a section of the public from sending money to persons who are utter strangers to them, and who promise as to what they will do with it on behalf of the senders should in themselves be sufficient to save any man not qualified for Bedlam from parting with a penny piece to the authors of these statements.

VALUE OF SECURITIES.—J. H. (Bournemouth).—No 3 may be of some trifling value: the others are worthless.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—E. E. (Norwich).—We could not advise you to deposit your money in the way suggested for five years at 10 per cent. interest. Ten per cent. dividends are all right when they are earned, but 10 per cent. on deposits is not attractive to the prudent man.

CREDIT FONDIC EGYPTIEN.—F. D. E. S. (Northampton).—Yes. You say the International Securities Corporation quote at £12 10s. The market price of the 1896 issue is £11 15s., and of the 1903 issue £10 12s. 6d. for cash.

BRADFORD DYERS.—H. H. (Newham).—We think they represent a good investment.

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY.—P. L. (Gosforth).—Yes, among the best. The total assets on December 31, 1906, amounted to £18,624,607.

FREEMAN, FRANKLIN AND COMPANY.—O. H. B. (Lichfield).—Have nothing to do with them.

PURCHASE OF HOUSE.—J. E. B. (Epsom).—We advise the third course, namely, doing it through the Abolitioners' and General Insurance Company.

AREYLL MOTOR SHARER.—F. B. (Kensington).—The position of the company seems to be rapidly improving, but the purchase would be a very speculative one.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—FREE HOME (Barry Island).—You have been misinformed. You may rely upon the Association to carry out its undertakings, but take care to take yourself acquainted with what these undertakings are.

THE PROPERTY AND INCOME INSURANCE COMPANY.—J. E. (Mecklenburgh Square).—We cannot answer your question without fuller information as to your requirements.

STOCK EXCHANGE TRANSACTIONS.—E. M. L. (Castleford).—Send us all the correspondence.

THE ALBION ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.—E. R. (Doncaster).—We cannot recommend it. See what we say about it on the previous page.

"TWENTY GUINEA COMMUNICATION."—J. O. (Durham).—Better leave it alone.

INVESTMENT OF SAVINGS.—J. B. (St. Andrews).—If you have money to invest, put it into sound industrial undertakings, whose shares are quoted on the Stock Exchange, and which pay good dividends to shareholders. You can easily get a 5 per cent. return upon your money, and more if you are careful in selection.

LEGAL AND GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—J. B. S. (Champion Hill).—It is a first-class office.

STATUS OF COMPANY.—J. E. A. (Handsworth).—We should prefer another selection. J. C. T. (Tamworth).—Ditto.

THE CREDIT INDEX AND REFORM.—J. O. R. (Streatham).—You must send us particulars if you want us to move in the matter.

INSURANCE FOR £1,000.—J. F. (Denmark Hill).—We cannot recommend the office you name.

UNITED KINGDOM TEMPERANCE AND GENERAL PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.—W. H. A. (West Drayton).—The recommendation is sound. The office is one of the best in the Kingdom.

STATUS OF BROKERS.—CONSTANT READER (Liverpool).—You would get the bonds, but you would have to pay from 20 to 30 per cent. above the market price for them.

CIVIL SERVICE BANK, LIMITED.—HOPE DALTON (Lowestoft).—There are not many dealings in the shares. If you are a shareholder, you are, of course, liable upon the uncalled capital.

BEST INSURANCE COMPANIES.—W. P. (Nottingham).—Both are companies of high standing. The Legal and General would give you the better return.

TWO BANKS.—F. W. W. (Croydon).—We should much prefer the first-named one.

DISPOSAL OF SAVINGS.—NEW READER (Birmingham).—Post Office Savings Bank.

SERIES OF QUESTIONS.—W. O. (Crewe).—(1) We do not. (2) We do not know. (3) Have nothing to do with them.

INVESTMENT OF £700.—WALTER B. (Brighton).—Taff Vale Ordinary, J. W. Benson. Caut. Pref.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH TRUST COMPANY.—H. E. G. (Bristol).—No.

HOUSE PURCHASE.—WEAVER (Blackburn).—We think you might make a better selection.

CRESCENT WOLFRAM ESTATES COMPANY, LIMITED.—TUNGSTEN (Clement's Lane).—The answer to your questions is in the affirmative, so far as the first is concerned. It is too soon to answer the second.

NATIONAL DEPOSIT FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—LIGHTING (Ipswich).—We know nothing to the contrary.

INVESTMENT OF £100.—CLAREMONT (Streatham).—You would be foolish to put your savings into Chartered shares. We think you would be quite safe in putting them into Lipton's, which, at their present quotation, would give you over 5 per cent. and promise to appreciate still further in capital value. The report just issued shows the rapid recovery of the business under the present vigorous management.

CHATHAM AND DOVER ORDINARY.—W. M. (Tiverton).—We see little likelihood of much early improvement.

FIVE PER CENT.—R. G. S. (Loughton).—Both good.

INSURANCE POLICY.—GLYN (Newport).—The terms seem very liberal. Give us the name of the company, and particulars of payment.

HOUSE PURCHASE COMPANY.—L. E. (Blackfriars).—Better have nothing to do with them, and keep your £25.

HAMBURG LOTTERIES.—H. R. (Harleston).—We have frequently said that people on this side who buy these "lottery" tickets are very unwise.

HARBRODS' LIMITED.—SPRING (Upper Tooting).—Yes, we consider these shares "a safe investment."

AMALGAMATED MINING AND MILLING COMPANY OF HIDALGO.—CELT (Cardarvon).—Nothing.

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

THE PUBLIC TRUSTEE BARRED.

TRUSTEESHIP OF LARGE ESTATE FORBIDDEN TO MR. STEWART.

Our criticisms of the Public Trustee are bearing good fruit. Not only are we in a position to state that several testators, who had contemplated appointing that official as trustee, have, since our exposures, altered their minds—one important case came before us only last week—but other testators are actually adding codicils to their wills forbidding the appointment of Mr. Stewart in the event of any vacancy occurring in the trusteeship. An important instance has just come to light in the case of the will of the late Mr. Simeon Berry, of Waverley Hall, Ashburton, Devon, a codicil to which was added stipulating that in no event was the Public Trustee to act in the administration of the estate. As the gross amount involved is over £124,000, with net personalty exceeding £90,000, besides the loss of prestige involved this stipulation means a considerable pecuniary blow to the new department.

THE WORKING OF THE CRIMINAL APPEAL ACT.

In the course of a hearing last week the Lord Chief Justice took occasion to lament that the Criminal Appeal Act, does not give the Court power to order a new trial. It thus makes it possible for men morally guilty to escape by appealing upon some technical flaw upon their indictment or conviction, and this actually happened in the case before the Court, when Lord Alverstone gave expression to the regret we have quoted. The appellant had been convicted and sentenced to ten years penal servitude for the manslaughter of his infant daughter. The death took place in March of the present year, it being traced in part to injuries inflicted in November, 1906, in part to further injuries in December, 1907. Lord Coleridge, however, before whom the case came in the first instance, directed the jury's attention only to the earlier injuries. It was by reference to these that the prisoner was found guilty and sentenced. But there is a rule in English law that in trials for murder or manslaughter the death must be proved to have followed within a year and a day of the injury to which it is attributable. The prisoner in the present case claimed the benefit of this rule, and the Court had to concede it. It could not retry the case, it could only quash the conviction, and let the prisoner go free. It is to be hoped that when the Act comes up for amendment the power to order a fresh trial will be given. It may be said that in the case quoted above the defect lies with the "year and a day" rule of law, and not with the system of appeal. That is true, but similar cases may arise on other rules of law, and as the Act stands may lead to unmerited escape of prisoners.

"A RELIC OF BARBARISM."

Last Saturday Mr. Justice Joyce had before him an application to send a debtor to prison because he had failed to pay a certain sum of money. In refusing to do so, Mr. Justice Joyce said "imprisonment for debt is a relic of barbarism, and I shall never resort to it if there is a chance of payment in full. We hope that Mr. Justice Joyce will never resort to it not only when there is "a chance of payment in full," but also when there is not ample evidence to show that it is a case of unwillingness rather than inability to pay. No judge or magistrate who has regard to the intentions of Parliament would send a man to prison for not paying a debt unless he is satisfied that he has the means to pay and will not pay.

OFFICERS AND THEIR DEBTS.

Referring to some comments in this column in our last issue, in which we alluded to a colonel in the Army treating with contempt an Order made by a County Court as to the payment of a debt, a correspondent writes as below:—

The case referred to by the Cheltenham tradesman may seem strange, but there are probably reasons for it. Under the present law an instalment-order may be made without any evidence that the debtor is able to pay the instalments, and these may be increased or reduced without any evidence of ability to pay. It is only when a committal order is applied for that evidence of ability to pay is required. Probably the tradesman overlooked this, or was imposed on by the untrue statement so often made that the debtor is imprisoned for contempt of court, not for debt, and that he had only to prove the instalment-orders and the neglect of the colonel to comply with them in order to obtain a committal order. The practice of making instalment orders without proof of ability to pay them may thus sometimes prove injurious to the creditor as well as to the debtor.

That a colonel on full pay could afford to pay 5s. a month most people would consider obvious. But there may have been twenty other instalment-orders against him, and he may have undertaken to pay interest on borrowed money to an amount exceeding his salary. Officers are often unable to pay their debts in full whether by instalments or otherwise. They should become bankrupts.

OPTIONS

Comparatively speaking the **British Public** has hitherto taken but little interest in that method of **operating on the Stock Exchange** known as **Options**, though for many years past it has been a highly favourite means with shrewd financiers generally, both on the Continent and in America.

Two great attractions loom out before all the remaining important advantages of Option Dealing. In the first place, the exact limit of liability is definitely known at the outset; in the second, temporary set-backs, passing panics, and unforeseen collapses may be disregarded, and viewed with equanimity by the operator.

CALL OPTIONS must commend themselves to all, as this system is safe, effective, and easy, and **big profits** may be earned with a **minimum cash outlay** and risk. Purchasers of Options in Home and American Rails at ruling prices will doubtless be congratulating themselves in the near future, and the present opportune moment should be utilised for immediate operations.

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JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

QUEENS AND THEIR TASK.

I thought the Queen looked sadly weary on her visit to the Franco-British Exhibition, where I got an excellent long look at the charming face. Not that she showed anything else than a due interest in what was going on around her, but that her expression now denotes what Dean Swift, in one of the most melancholy of his letters, asserts is a necessary accompaniment of "declining years"—"a want of relish for all worldly enjoyments and a general dislike of persons and things." It seems a finer affair than it is, I daresay, to be a Queen; her "goulden crown" is a small compensation for the constant pressure of public notice and the consequent lack of personal freedom, and her state is a poor exchange for the truest solace of life, an equal friendship. Queen Alexandra possesses, however, at least one devoted friend, who, though not of course Her Majesty's equal, is none the less close to her in heart and in daily life. This is Miss Charlotte Knollys, who was created by the King "the Honourable," though she has no title to the prefix by birth or custom, and must, therefore, be classed among the few women who have received a sprinkling from the Fountain of Honour for their intrinsic merits. I once heard a very near relative of the Hon. Charlotte Knollys observe, "She really loves the Queen; she would go with her to the scaffold if necessary as cheerfully as to a bazaar." It will be noticed by the observant that the Queen as a fact never goes anywhere without the companionship of this lady; but then the Queen deserves the affectionate service by equal loving consideration on her side, for the only time that Her Majesty has ever stopped in grim, foggy London over Christmas, it was because Miss Knollys was lying ill at the time at Marlborough House, and the Queen would not leave her side.

THE PREMIER AND WOMEN.

There is a piquant and possibly significant contrast between two of Mr. Asquith's actions on one and the same day. Miss Irene Miller, accompanied by a party of other members of the Women's Freedom League, waited upon him with a letter explaining that his reply to the deputation of M.P.'s in favour of Women's Suffrage was not considered adequate. Mr. Asquith's only answer was to telephone for police protection, and soon half-a-dozen of the deputation—all cultured ladies, most of them very pretty ones, too—were lodged in gaol as though they were common criminals, not being put in the first division, as men political prisoners always are placed, but in the second division. There they are regaled upon only just enough coarse and unpalatable food to maintain life, are clothed in ungainly garments, worn before them by all sorts of criminals, and are made to spend the whole day in silence, and in absolute solitary confinement, each locked up in a separate cell, save for one hour out of the twenty-four spent in walking round a high-walled yard; they are not allowed paper and pen to write, nor any literature to read; and this physical and intellectual torture is continued for twenty-one days—for trying to see and to speak to Mr. Asquith. On the self-same day, Mr. and Mrs. Asquith entertained a dancing-girl from the music-halls, Miss Maud Allan, at luncheon; and we are carefully told by the Press that "Mr. Asquith himself took Miss Allan in to luncheon, and she was seated at his right hand." An instructive contrast for the Nonconformist conscience!

THE MODERN WOMAN.

It seems to be man's desire in life, or in the newspapers, to prove the modern woman a monster of iniquity. Once she was called an angel, now she is prefixed as "lost," and all because she is no longer the sweet, domesticated, housewife of fifty years ago. Cooking, needlework, mending, and (save the mark!) cleanliness, are lost arts! Dr. X. admonishes all women to take a course of domestic training at one of the technical institutes. The doctor evidently belongs to the set of people which dislikes motor-cars, aeroplanes, Suffragists, and anything that marks the advance of time. His theory sounds very well, and would have been admirable fifty years ago when a business career for women was practically an unknown quantity. But things are changed. There are hundreds of women workers now, and the girl who earns her living as a clerk has neither time nor scope for domestic duties. If, however, a girl is to know something about them, she should be initiated during her childhood by her mother, and taught to help in the house after school is over. Then, when the time comes she will know how to manage her home, look after her babies, cook for her husband, and mend his clothes, and there will be no necessity for technical colleges nor grief from the learned doctor. In any case, however, I would beg of him not to be too despondent, because I think that even if a girl has not had the good fortune of instruction from her mother, nor the time to attend a course, yet, if someone asks her to share a home, she would not disgrace it.

SALMON CAKES.

One of my readers sends me the following recipe for Salmon Cakes:—Take one tin of salmon, remove any gravy or bones, add three large potatoes or any cold ones you may have, two tablespoons chopped parsley, pepper and salt to taste. Mix all well together with a beaten egg, and fry a golden brown.

ONE & ALL

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THE HURLY BURLY.

BY THEODORE DAHL.

PURE SPEECH, COCKNEY, AND FIDDLEDEEDEE.

A Pure Speech League has sprung into life at Hornsey with the nefarious object of abolishing the Cockney dialect. But there is as much controversy as to what is pure speech as to what is pure beer or pure whisky. If the educational enthusiasts of Hornsey desire to abolish the Cockney dialect they will have to begin by abolishing the Cockney. Dialects are as hereditary as hair or teeth. Not only has every county a dialect of its own, but often there are two or three dialects in one county, the speech of the manufacturing centres differing in some degree from that of residential towns, and that of residential towns again differing from the remoter rural districts. This is particularly noticeable in Yorkshire. The speech of Leeds, for instance, is not the speech of Hull, Elland, or Halifax. Cross the Humber from Hull to New Holland, a journey of a few minutes, and you tumble up against the speech of Lincolnshire, which the East Riding Yorkshireman regards as countryified. Yet even in Lincolnshire there are differences. The tongue of Lincoln shades into subtle change at Grimsby, and that of Goxhill plays tricks with that of Grantham.

Travel where you will through England, from north to south and from east to west, you are constantly running into an English as foreign to the ear as German, or French, or Arabic. Even the names of towns have sometimes a pronunciation which nobody except the natives would recognise by consulting a road-map or a railway time-table. The native languages of Devonshire, Cornwall, and Dorset are beyond the range of my understanding. Somersetshire gives me fits. And if it is difficult for me to understand in certain districts of these counties, it is still more difficult for me to make myself understood. Somersetshire seems to be a county where "Will you please direct me to Norton Durston?" is not comprehended of the natives.

So that the Pure Speech League of Hornsey has a big job on hand if by pure speech it means pure English, for who shall say where it is to be found? Sometimes it is said that you get it in Edinburgh; at others that it is only taught at Balliol College, where what they don't know could never be knowledge. But the speech of Edinburgh (when it is non-Scotch) and Balliol is at best and most a cultivated hot-house plant. It is an artificial creation obtained by the elimination of dialect. Yet that does not make it pure English. If English is anything it is Anglo-Saxon. Chaucer wrote English, and I regret to say that I do not think much of it. But Balliol English would have been foreign to Chaucer. He would have understood it as little as I understand the speech of "Zummerzet."

It appears to me that if you want the English as pure as you can get it, you must go where the Anglo-Saxon survives with the fewest parasitical growths upon it. You will get as near as possible to the English in a dialect of some sort somewhere. Heaven forbid that it should be the Cockney, or the American. In order to show exactly what pure English is, permit me to present a specimen from the *Old English Chronicle*. "Her hiene bestael," it says in one part, "se here on midne winter ofer twelftan niht to cippan-hamme; and geridon West-searna land and gesaeton; and micel haes folces oftr sae adraefdon, and haes ohres hone maestan dael hie geridon and him to-gecierton, buton haem cyninge Aelfrede: and he lytle werede uniehelic aefter wudum for and on mor-faesten-num."

Now I don't say this isn't true. Indeed, the almost invariable accuracy of my deceased journalistic friend the editor induces me to take his word for what happened; but I'm dummed if I should have known what he was driving at if some other fellow had not carefully translated him for me. This, then, is the English of the English: "Here at this date himself stole the (Danish) army at mid-winter after twelfth night to Chippenham; and rode over West-saxons land and settled; and much of the people over sea drove, and of the rest the greatest part they rode-over and to themselves to-turned, except the King Alfred; and he with little troop uneasily throughout-woods went and in moor-fastnesses." On the whole, it is rather fortunate that the modern Balliol man wasn't born to offer his alleged pure English as a contribution to the *Old English Chronicle*.

With that example of the real and only genuine before you, you will henceforth always recognise the pure English when you run up against it; and if you don't pick it up in odd bits somewhere along the east coast—say between the Firth of Forth and the south of Suffolk, the part of England held by the Angles, or somewhere along the south coast, say from Essex to Dorsetshire, held by the Saxons—it much doubts me whether you will find it at all. So that, though I have invoked heaven that English may not be Cockney, I begin to fear that, after all, Cockney may be as pure English as Balliol or Yorkshire. And when I ask a man to oblige me by directing my footsteps towards the railway station, the two possible answers—"Sithee, lad. Tha tons up t'fost rooad on t'reyt till tha happens on t'pub, an' then fetches up bang in front o' tha noocase," and "Blime, yus, guv'nor. Yer tikes the fust rowd on yer ryte till yer gits as fer's the Spotted Cah, an' then yer wovks orn arter yer nowse till yer cawnt git no farver." Let us therefore preserve the Cockney for the sake of the Saxon.

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BULL'S EYES.

SOME UNFOUNDED AND CONFOUNDED RUMOURS:—

That the Press-gang is being used to get recruits for the "Terrors."
 That accountants will be eligible for the L.C.C. cookery scholarships.
 That French is now to be taught in all public elementary schools.
 That Miss Maud Allan is going in for hop-erratic work.
 That "Contracting out" clauses are popular in Mile End.
 That Mr. Lloyd George's international hospitality fund is an entertaining proposal.
 That "domestic service" nowadays means waiting upon one's servants.
 That "Ranjit" plays a straighter bat now he is a ruler.
 That the next time King Edward contemplates a foreign visit he will ask Keir Hardie's permission.
 That the ruler of Persia's favourite expression is "Now we Shahn't be long."

"I hope your Worship will be liaison with him," was a mother's plea for her son at St. Helen's Police Court. Did she want them to rub it in?

It is stated that lamb is to be very dear. We shall return to our muttons.

Motto for the L.C.C. Moderate leaders: "My word, if we catch you B.n-ding!"

"Eton fifty years ago must have been a nightmare of a place," says the *College Gazette*. Over-Eton, in fact.

Bishop Riley, who during a trip into the interior of Australia, did not once wash his face for a month, could not have been lacking in grit.

"Mr. McKenna's Education Bill is as dead as Mr. Birrell's," says the *Observer*. The Government should "wake" it.

A decree of nullity has been granted to a lady who pleaded that her husband was insane when he married her. A poor compliment to herself.

The lion which escaped at Earl's Court Exhibition and "sniffed at" two waitresses had probably heard that there were waitresses who sniff at Lyons.

A Carnarvonshire man who was discovered in another man's house had given the parrot jam to keep it quiet. A new way of preserving silence.

"It is possible to be content with our enemies," says G. K. Chesterton. He must be a greedy man who wants more.

Mustard is stated to be one of the fashionable colours this year. Very reasonable.

Speaking of business competition, Mr. D. C. Pedder says: "few tradesmen can afford to give even a pawn in the game." They should get a "move" on then, and cheques would be more frequent.

When Mr. Lloyd George told an interrupting Suffragette that "he would give them the vote to-morrow," he doubtless remembered that "To-morrow never comes."

The notice in the window of a Brixton stationer, "All our 2d. actresses reduced to 1d.," does not imply the worst. Some of the profession are in a penniless condition.

"Dignity cannot possibly be associated with the 'gamp,'" says *Madame*. Of course not; a "gamp" is always being "put down."

The fine of 30s. and costs imposed on a tram conductor for annoying a passenger by whistling must have nearly caused an immediate repetition of the offence.

The Parisian who shot at and severely wounded a man simply because he had an enormous nose was perhaps trying to blow it—off.

In future, orators in the L.C.C. parks will not be permitted to collect money unless it be for some public benefit. Isn't it usually for some "public" benefit?

Sir Robert Ball thinks there is too much daylight. Personally, we consider there are too many knights.

The Women's Freedom League having requested two policemen to keep order at a Kilburn meeting, the inspector sent Sergeant Meek and Constable Loveless. Who says our police have no sense of humour?

"In no branch of science has advancement been more pronounced recently than in that relating to the rearing of puppies," says the *Kennel News*. But there are any number of illbred puppies still about.

Education in poker work is advocated for girls. Not, we trust, that they may rule their husbands with "a rod of iron."

"A hairdresser I look on as an artist," says Mr. Paul Taylor. Because he does "cuts," we presume?

"The Perfect Gentleman" is the name of a forthcoming play. May we hope that the tiresome "imperfect lady" is to be given a rest?

ROWLANDS' Preserves, Beautifies and Restores the MACASSAR OIL. HAIR.

Resembles the Natural Oil in the Hair, the loss of which causes Baldness. Sizes, 3/6, 7/-, 10/6, of Stores, Chemists, and

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55 to 59, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.,
near TROGADERO.

The Portland convict who climbed to the top of a crane in the quarries and refused to come down, was only making use of the lift.

At a recent bye-election, one of the candidates was struck in the face by a flour bag. His opponents now describe him as "mealy-mouthed."

To-day's Thought: Life is usually mean through lack of means.

Some American paper manufacturers suggest that newspapers should use white ink on black paper. For certain dailies, we think white ink on white paper would be an improvement.

"A continual round of pleasure usually turns out to be a treadmill," says a Chicago paper. But a treadmill is not therefore a round of pleasure.

Because his aunt told him he must get in earlier at night, a boy of eleven committed suicide. He is still her late nephew.

Sunday boating at Dover has proved a failure, and is to be discontinued. The promoters are now racking their skulls for a substitute.

"Clubs can no longer give reputations," says the *Daily Mirror*. But they can take them away!

They had a small fire at Kennington Oval recently, but owing to fine "play" by the firemen it was soon "out."

The gentleman who sat on a tack in the Washington House of Representatives complains bitterly of attack in the rear.

"The girl of the period gets more air than her predecessors," says the *Melbourne Argus*. She is always putting a fresh one on.

The *Daily Mirror* asks every man, woman, and child to slay ten flies every day during the summer. Quite a fly-paper.

"Judge as Witness," reads a heading. But Justice is supposed to be blind.

"The worst strain of modern city life is not on the brain, but on the lungs," says a Philadelphia journal. Nowadays one must make a noise in the world.

The Dollar-ous Way—the Toilers' Path to a Pension.

Commencing a speech, at Blackpool, in favour of the Licensing Bill, Canon Hicks said: "I want to say a few words before I begin."

Amongst the conundrums asked at an evening party was one which most of our readers know. "Why does the harmoni-um?" The accepted answer is, "Because it heard the organ-ist." But on this occasion, it evoked two or three others which may prove interesting: one was "Because it saw the harp-sick-ord." Another: "Because they had opened the vial." Still another: "Because it had eaten a polyph-onion" and the last was, "Because it was (s)melodious."

A new baritone has just been discovered in Berlin. He was a bricklayer named Pusch. A barrowtone, in fact, will, no doubt, soon pusch his way to the front.

"Mr. Farman's Aims," says a news heading. High, of course.

A man has been sentenced to three months' hard for stealing three of Kipling's books. No doubt they were handsomely bound.

A contemporary complains that the one-act play is badly treated. It is the one-actor play we object to.

The *Mail* says that Bernard Shaw has set a precedent to dramatic authors by understudying a part in his own play. But hasn't understudying a part long been a fault with our playwrights?

The seventeenth century fan sold at Christie's recently for £152 was certainly capable of raising the wind.

Professor Kikendorfer has plans for extinguishing Vesuvius. Not a light task.

"To women love is an occupation," says New York Judge. We always thought it was their idol time.

It is stated that the average country girl of to-day will not undertake milking duties. The very thought makes her turn pale.

"It is in the writing of women that the woman is most often revealed," says the *Saturday Review*. Their characters give them away.

"Life's a funny business," says Ina Garvey. Yet lots of people find it no joke.

"The Earl and the Hopper," reads a *Star* heading. We fancy the Earl caught it.

Where there's a Nil there's a "Nay!"

Every year we import large quantities of jute. Tariff Reformers think such imports should be subject to a "juty."

The War Office discourages the formation of air-gun clubs on licensed premises. The atmosphere is too thick.

"Tables of Stone" is the title of a new book. Rather heavy reading, we imagine.

Country-Side suggests a tax on rooks. Aren't they rifled enough?

MODERN TIMES.

'Tis a fact we lament—

But the "comment" is "fair"—

That of late we don't find

Even Printing-House "Square"

BUCHANAN'S

"BLACK

&

WHITE"

THE WHISKY OF WORLD
WIDE REPUTE

DE RESZKE CIGARETTES

A flavour of distinction and peculiar delicacy—a fragrance of their own. Do not cause the slightest irritation to the most sensitive throat.

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CAN YOU DO WITH A GUINEA?

If so, what is your Number?

See page 523.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

MR. BOTTOMLEY AND THE LICENSING BILL.—The Publisher will be pleased to forward to any reader sending a penny stamp to cover postage a copy of Mr. Bottomley's speeches upon the First and Second Readings of the Licensing Bill.

WILL THE PRACTICAL JOKERS who send in covers with "faked" numbers please cease the practice? Otherwise, we are afraid we shall have to take serious notice of the matter.

JOHN BULL POSTCARDS.—We have now received from our printers a new supply of very artistic Picture Postcards, and shall be pleased to forward some to any reader on receipt of stamped addressed envelope (large enough to take an ordinary-sized postcard).

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

J. D. J. (Wrexham) sends us a copy of the Welsh Calvinistic organ *Y Goleuad*, containing an editorial puff of the swindlers, Arnold and Butler. We are communicating with the editor.

In reference to our recent reply to A. R. M. (Edinburgh), in which we stated, "We cannot say whether J. and H. Lindsay, 18, South St. Andrew Street, Edinburgh, can be depended upon by intending emigrants for Canada," we have received satisfactory assurances as to the stability and character of the firm—upon whom it was never our intention to cast any reflection.

THE REV. A. G. (London), having received one of Arnold and Butler's swindling circulars, sent it back with the words "I read JOHN BULL" endorsed thereon—which he correctly observes may "be sufficient to notify them that all clergymen are not fools."

H. N. G. (London).—We do not disclose the names and addresses of our correspondents, but any letter you care to send shall be forwarded to J. M. (Plumstead).

THE General Manager of "Acoustic Patents, Ltd." writes us—in reference to our recent reply to J. M. (Plumstead), who stated that an ordinary 7s. 6d. house telephone would be quite as effective if attached to a small pocket battery as the apparatus supplied by them at 10 guineas—that if J. M. will deposit 10 guineas with us they will do the like; J. M.'s instrument to be tested by some well-known medical man against the one supplied by the Company, the winner to be refunded his money, while the loser forfeits his to the King's Hospital Fund, and pays all the expenses. We are quite willing to hold the stakes.

A. J. B. (London).—We are not opposed to Empire Day or to true Imperialism—but we must have our little joke. We will try to be better next year.

N. G. (Wimbledon) calls attention to a very slovenly-written letter received by him recently from the Treasury in reply to a communication he addressed to them, and asks, "Is this the way the business of the nation is carried on?" The answer is in the affirmative.

H. B. (New Cross) belongs to a Local Parliament with forty members, but would like to know of one or two similar institutions with larger membership.

J. S. A. (London).—The Postmaster-General's excuse regarding foreign lottery circulars is that he has no means of detecting them when sent in closed envelopes.

W. H. (London) wishes "the beery bounder who writes Mrs. Bull's column to throw herself into the Thames at full tide." We have given Mrs. Bull W. H.'s address.

H. G. (New Cross) sends us a card of invitation to the S.E. Railway Mission, on which we read that "Christian Policemen in Uniform will take the meeting." He asks whether there is any difference between being run in by a Christian policeman, as compared with one of a heretical turn of mind. More to the point, we think, would be to ask the Chief Commissioner whether it is with his permission that the police uniform is used for mission purposes, and, if so, whether he would be equally agreeable to Socialist and Agnostic policemen being exploited in a similar manner.

"CONSTANT READER" (Southall) tells us that the Grand Duke Michael has just published a novel called "Never Say Die," and has plagiarised, almost word for word, the well-known letters of John Keats to Fanny Browne. We have not yet read the book, but perhaps the hero was intended to be Keats.

"HOW A CLERK SHOULD ESTABLISH HIS OWN BUSINESS AS MANUFACTURER'S AGENT."

By JAMES FERGUSON. 3rd Ed.
Published by G. ALLEN, 5, Lloyd's Avenue, E.C.

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A sample "Erasmic" Shaving Stick, sufficient for 50 shaves, will be sent post free on receipt of 3 penny stamps.

The "ERASMIC" lather is most pleasant to apply; it is so pure, fragrant, and soothing to the skin, and **DOES NOT DRY ON THE FACE.** "Erasmic" is used by all discriminating shavers, who naturally prefer **The British and Best article.**

1s. stick lasts twelve months.

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SUPPLIED TO
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AND ROYAL
FAMILY.

Prepared from Selected
Apples and guaranteed
free from chemical
preservatives.

Sparkling and Still Brands (Sweet
and Dry) in Bottle, also in Casks.

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THE LATEST FOUNTAIN PEN, 1908 MODEL.

One of the leading manufacturers of Gold Fountain Pens challenges to demonstrate that their Pens are the very best, and have the largest Sale, that no better article can be produced.

They offer to give away 100,000 10/6 Diamond Star Fountain Pens, 1908 Model, for 2/6 each 2/6

This Pen is fitted with 14-carat Solid Gold Nib, iridium pointed, making it practically everlasting, smooth, soft, and easy writing, and a pleasure to use. Twin Feed and Spiral to regulate the flow of ink, and all the latest improvements.

One of the letters we daily receive:—"Please send me THREE MORE PENS; the half dozen in use are giving every satisfaction to my friends."

The Self-Filling and Self-Cleaning Perfection Fountain Pen is a marvel of Simplicity, it deserves to be popular.

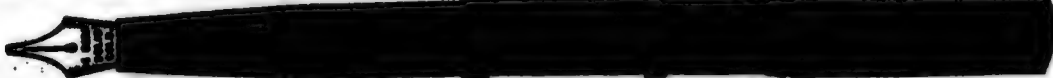
It is non-leakable, fills itself in an instant, cleans itself in a moment—a press, a fill—and every part is guaranteed for two years. The Massive 14-carat Gold Nib is iridium pointed, and will last for years, and improves in use. Fine, medium, broad, or J points can be had.

This Marvellous Self-Filling Pen, worth 15/-, is offered as an advertisement for 5/6 each 5/6

Is certain to be the Pen of the Future. EVERY PEN IS GUARANTEED, AND MONEY WILL BE RETURNED IF NOT FULLY SATISFIED.

Any of our readers desiring a really genuine article cannot do better than write to the Makers,

THE RED LION MANUFACTURING CO., LTD. 71, High Holborn, London, and acquire this Bargain. (Agents wanted.) Please mention this Magazine.



HIGHLY PROFITABLE GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

Huge Interest and Thousands of Pounds Paid Periodically in Bonuses to Owners.

Never was there a time when money could be gained so easily as at the present time.

Such a statement might imply a reference to speculation, or one of the many risky modes of making a substantial profit. It is true that large sums may be made in that way, but it is a means of tempting fortune that is rapidly falling into disfavour, and for a very good reason. The public are tired of the risk that attends speculation. It entails grave anxiety, and only too frequently serious loss. Ninety-nine are perhaps reduced to beggary, whilst one wins the coveted gold.

To-day money is too valuable to be sacrificed, or hazarded in ventures which may result in wealth, but which, on the other hand, may, and more probably will, lead to ruin complete and irretrievable.

Thanks to JOHN BULL and other publications of a similar outspoken character, the public are nowadays not easily deceived as to the merits of a so-called money-making scheme. There are many such frequently launched, but they only catch the unwary, and their success is rapidly becoming more and more limited.

SAFE AND PROFITABLE METHODS.

Readers of this journal will therefore be all the more interested to learn that there are still available methods that are absolutely safe, of making money rapidly and in substantial amounts.

The best, because it is by far the richest and unrivalled in its security, is that which is explained in an interesting book which has been published by the International Securities Corporation. It describes fully, and in a fascinating manner, what is certainly the greatest wealth-producing use to which small savings may be put that has ever been known. The book is all the more useful inasmuch as it is being offered to readers of this journal free of all cost.

This is not the place to enter fully into the details of the system, but a few of the salient features may be mentioned, and then you are referred to the book, which can be obtained in exchange for a postcard.

We have said that the money-making method referred to has two outstanding features — profit and safety, the latter is the most important, because, after all, you are not being asked to consider a risky speculation, but a sensible and highly popular Government scheme to encourage thrift, and to bring within the reach of the many thousands who could never hope to earn it, that wealth which can procure for them the ease, comfort and independence to which years of toil may have entitled them.

It is, however, open to all. Its usefulness is unlimited, and there is no reason why any reader should not at once take advantage of its great possibilities, which make the possession of thousands of pounds an actual reality for him or her.

GUARANTEED BY GOVERNMENT.

Probably few have given a thought to Continental and foreign Government securities, which are at once safe and attractive, safe because they are completely and directly guaranteed by Government, and attractive because they are the most generous encouragement of thrift that one could possibly conceive.

In the first place, they are available to practically everyone. For very few there are who cannot save a few shillings when they can be used to earn sovereigns, nay, thousands of pounds, without the slightest risk or inconvenience.

For these highly valuable securities may be purchased by instalments if desired, and this method of payment does not involve the slightest sacrifice of the benefits or advantages that attach to them.

They bear profit on an extraordinarily profitable scale. It ranges from 10 to 100 per cent. according to the country in which the Government issue is obtained. In this way the money saved is doubled, and this is quite apart from the splendid opportunities that are afforded of obtaining one of the handsome bonuses. For the Governments in each case award hundreds of bonuses. In all cases the sum thus awarded runs into thousands of pounds. In one instance no less a sum than £60,000 is distributed among the holders of the securities.

It is divided into numerous cash prizes, which range from £1,000 to £20,000. This vast sum is distributed three or four times a year, so that everyone has hundreds of opportunities of gaining a fortune. It is allocated under Government supervision on the fairest possible system. It does not depend on the amount of securities purchased, the poor man is on exactly the same terms as the wealthy man. All participate, independent of class or means or of any distinction whatever.

MAKES THE POOR RICH.

As a matter of fact it has meant a complete change in life for many a poor man. On the Continent the poor take full advantage of this splendid opportunity which a generous and thoughtful Government offers them of improving their lot. They are encouraged to be thrifty, and the encouragement takes the right form — the form of reward of a very substantial character.

This is the barest outline of this unique opportunity of becoming wealthy. It requires no sacrifice, no risk, no trouble. It is open to all, and all have the satisfaction of knowing that they are under the full protection of Government.

It should also be noted that if this opportunity is seized now, you can also secure free insurance of a most liberal character. For the International Securities Corporation, Ltd., have made arrangements whereby those who purchase these securities through

they are insured free of cost, both against accident and sickness, as well as securing a life insurance. It is arranged in this way. Everyone who purchases £5 worth of these remarkably profitable securities is insured free of cost against accident, the amount payable being £500 and £1 a week, whilst in case of sickness the sum of £1 a week is payable.

In addition to this, a purchase to the value of £10 entitles the purchaser to a free life insurance of the value of £100. It will be seen that this is really liberal insurance, and it is a gift worth quite £5, as anyone who has had any acquaintance with Insurance business knows.

To learn the full story of this most profitable method of utilising savings is easy. As has been said, it is told in detail in a book that has been specially published for the purpose. It is offered free to the public, and all that is necessary is to send a postcard asking for a copy which will be forwarded by return. The postcard should be addressed to the Secretary, International Securities Corporation, Ltd., 238, Westminster Palace Gardens, Victoria Street, London, S.W. — [Advr.]



M. Fallières, whose auspicious visit to our shores has done much to strengthen the Entente Cordiale. As President of the French Republic, he is a warm supporter of the highly profitable French Government Securities, whose value is fully described in a book which you are invited to peruse.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

See page 533.

RACING NOTES.

By W. LORING.

("Larry Lynx" of "The People," and "Maggie" of "The Globe.")

A Namesake.

There is a Perrier running in moderate races in South Africa as well as the crack here.

Remarkable!

In France—much more than here—and despite there being bigger fields, especially at jumping, jockeys seem to run up sequences of three and four victories continually.

A Good Beginning.

Little Harry East, the latest light-weight jockey, is indeed fortunate in winning all his races by short heads—for first impressions are everything.

A True Indictment.

A vast number of our swindling bookmakers are in that category because what they win on a good week they spend in riotous living and have nothing left to meet any losses.

An Extraordinary Fact.

What a remarkable number of unclaimed telegrams are left on the boards at the end of every race meeting! In the course of a year these fruitless wires must number thousands.

Not so Successful of Late.

Plenty of shrewd people like to follow "dangerous stables" rather than horses on their form; but it is not easy to know when these betting divisions are really betting.

The Wrong 'Uns Know Him.

The successful reorganisation of the Albert Club and its removal to new premises was absolutely due to the work of Mr. Johnnie Hands, the popular solicitor, who it may be said figures in practically all the betting cases.

So Far this Season.

So far this season two Americans in Messrs. A. Belmont and R. Croker head the list of winning owners, and moreover, Epsom—which always brings big changes—is very likely indeed to accentuate their lead.

Weedy Ones.

The entries for Whit Monday and Tuesday's Newport Galloway Meeting are splendid, especially for the principal handicaps, while they include all the best ponies and galloways in training.

Deserves to.

I hope that Mr. James Buchanan will have better luck with Hillsprite and Acclaim than he did when buying Hands Down and other crocks at big prices two or three years ago—or importing Noctuiiform.

Unanswerable.

An enormous number of trainers have been granted licences for this season. How 5 per cent. of the number make it pay is incomprehensible, for at first glance one would think there were as many trainers of horses as horses themselves.

From Major Mortlock's Pen.

The International Horse Agency and Exchange, Ltd., have just issued their regular annual brochure yielding interesting notes regarding the Buenos Ayres sales and the general prospects of the present thoroughbred breeding season.

The New Welsher.

There has been a general complaint from those attending racecourses regarding the great prevalence of welshers. Plenty assuredly go to Epsom, and the great dodge was not to run away and run risks, but profess to be "cleaned out," and to give name and address, with a promise of remitting on the morrow. In some cases a trifling payment has been made or the original stake returned. Yet the same men are betting in another ring or not far from the same pitch the next day and playing the same game.

The "John Bull" Handicap.

Obviously recognising the apt title and the popular character of this journal, the Folkestone Executive have arranged a race of this nomenclature to be contested on the first day of their August meeting (August 10th). The distance is 1½ miles, and the entrance fee the nominal one of a sovereign, with two additional for starters. This event should catch on, and will undoubtedly be a popular standing dish in the Westenhanger programmes.

An Example to Us.

The Durban Turf Club have already issued a full list and programme of their year's fixtures. The reading is somewhat strange to us to see that the first Winter meeting is fixed for July and the second meeting for three similar dates separated by some three or four days each in August. The book contains a summary in order of date, setting out when races close, the weights are published, acceptances are due, the dates of the race being run, and every possible particular; in fact, an epitome of the turf happenings at a glance for owners and trainers' use. Such a brochure would be of inestimable value to racegoers here.

Prophetic.

The very important Epsom week will be half over before these notes, although written well in advance, can meet the public eye. The later happenings, too, are much governed by the earlier results. I can, however point to

VELVET

—despite her 7 lb. penalty—as certain to be very prominent in the Durdans Plate (seeing nothing excepting Bim to beat her), while

BILLIDERE

or THE WELKIN—assuming the latter has not already won or been badly disgraced—should between them gain the Royal Stakes. The classic form, too, as represented by

THE WHITE KNIGHT,

will beat the much improved handicapper SUCOUR in the Coronation Cup.

Friday's Oaks seems a literal paper "certainty" for

RHODORA,

while to my mind, despite an assured long price, the "best thing" of the week is the disappointing

COCKTAIL

for the Windsor Handicap at Kempton on Saturday.

The good-looking filly can surely hardly lose this race at bottom weight, and on her Sandown Park form of this year—apart from juvenile running—should end Mr. Nelke's long lane of horrible ill-luck.

On Bank Holiday at Hurst Park, BILLIDERE (unless penalised or disgraced in the meantime) or HYMERUS will about take the chief handicap; similarly if BEMBO has not won the Stewards' Handicap at Epsom he must on no account be missed in the Whitsuntide Plate.

TRADE NOTES.

If Omar Khayyam—or Fitzgerald—had not been afraid of spoiling an immortal quatrain we are sure the perfect cigarette would have been included on the list of things desirable. To many moderns the cigarette is indispensable, and yet there are few who express themselves entirely satisfied with the average cigarette that comes their way. There seems, on the whole, to be a difficulty in blending the qualities of coolness, medium strength of tobacco and aroma in order to avoid irritation of the throat. To those who have not secured the cigarette to their liking we can confidently recommend a trial of Messrs. J. Millhoff's (Ltd.) "De Reszkes." Originally made in small quantities for the great Jean de Reszke, they are now to be had by the public at quite a moderate price. All the "best people" are smoking De Reszkes, and personally we find them delightful. The blend of tobacco is perfect, and those cigarette lovers with the most sensitive throats should be able to enjoy De Reszkes without any physical inconvenience.

It is curious that amongst the most energetic people labour-saving devices are always appreciated. Can it be wondered at then that in this country we have welcomed the safety razor? It has been calculated how many years of his life a man spends in shaving, and with the old-fashioned razor those were years of peril. The safety razor gives us new hope, however. We have personally had experience with the Clemak, and find that the claims made for it are justified. With this clever invention a cool, clear shave is possible without any fear of the usual disasters. It is practically impossible to cut the skin when using a Clemak, and for simplicity of design there is no similar invention to equal it. One point we note with pleasure, and that is, that unlike the "cheap imitation safeties," the Clemak is British made, that it is possible to clear the blade quickly, and without necessity of removal. We certainly think it worth while for every shaving man to learn more about the Clemak. As a time and labour-saving device alone it is to be recommended.



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